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Events of the Week.

THE surrender of the great Austrian fortress of Przemysl on Monday immensely improves the prospects of the Russian advance across the Carpathians and towards Cracow. This place was, after Thorn, probably the strongest of the enemy's fortresses, and its garrison, after allowing for killed, wounded, and sick, still numbered about 107,000 men. The history of the siege fell into two chapters. It began in September, and during this early phase the Russians made some attempts to carry the place by assault, losing heavily in the process. It was relieved in the second Austro-German advance, and its garrison may have been augmented and reprovisioned. The investment began again in November. and continued for four months. The Russians used chiefly second-line troops, and since their siege-guns were inferior in range to those of the forts, their operations were passive but persistent. It cannot be said that the garrison distinguished itself as a whole. Its privations were never severe, and the surrender came when full rations could no longer be served out. A sortie was planned for last Friday in the hope of breaking through to join the Austrian armies further east, but only 25,000 men took part in it, and were, of course, outnumbered and crushed. The defenders destroyed the forts and guns before surrendering.

The effect of the fall of Przemysl should be great, if the Russians have a sufficient reserve of munitions to make the most of it. It releases what must have been

a considerable Russian force. It cannot fail to depress the enemy. Above all, it gives the Russians command of two railways which pass through the fortress-one to Cracow and the other to the Carpathian passes. Cracow is not nearly so strong a fortress, but it is probable that the Russians, before advancing on a place which Germany is bound to defend as the key of Silesia, will prefer to deal with the Austro-German armies which are still north of the Carpathians, and thereafter to make a move into Hungary. One of the tasks imposed on the Austro-German army which is fighting round Stanislau and Kolowea may have been to ease the pressure on Przemysl and even to relieve it, but its failure in this effort does not necessarily mean that it will now retreat, for it still threatens the Russian hold on the Carpathian passes. It should, however, soon be possible to overwhelm it with superior forces. The fighting in the passes has already become more intense and more promising.

THE Allied operations against the Dardanelles suffered a costly check on the 18th. Three battleships were lost in an attack on the forts of the Narrows. We hope to see that a result commensurate with these sacrifices has been achieved. After ten days spent chiefly in sweeping for mines, the battleships (including the "Queen Elizabeth") resumed the bombardment of the forts at Kephez Point, and at the mouth of the Narrows. Most of these had been reported silenced in earlier bombardments, but the Turks and their German officers had managed to restore their fighting efficiency, and also to put fresh batteries of heavy guns in concealed positions. Can we be sure of smashing guns (the true point of a bombardment) by long-distance fire from ships? If not, the co-operation of land forces would seem essential. To the four French battleships fell the dangerous but honorable task of engaging the forts at close range. After three hours' bombardment all the Turkish forts ceased firing, and six of our newer ships then relieved the older vessels in the advanced positions. In the act of withdrawing, the French battleship "Bouvet" was blown up by a drifting mine (in reality a sort of torpedo carried down by the swift current from the Marmora). Her magazine must have been struck, for she sank at once, and only a few men of her crew of 600 could be saved.

The relief battleships now renewed the attack, but the forts were once more able to reply. The "Irresistible" (a sister of the ill-fated "Formidable" and "Bulwark," of 15,000 tons, dating from 1902) was listing heavily from the effect of gunfire, struck a drifting mine, and sank. The "Ocean" (12,950 tons), a smaller pre-Dreadnought battleship of the same type, met the same fate, but both crews were saved. Two other ships, the "Inflexible," a Dreadnought battle-cruiser, and the old French battleship "Gaulois," were also damaged by gun-fire, and will need repair. Our losses in men were fortunately light, about sixty, but our Allies, who undertook the most dangerous part of the operations, have paid a heavy toll in lives. Our lost battleships have been at once replaced by the arrival of the "Queen" and the "Implacable." Admiral

Carden, incapacitated through illness, was succeeded before this action by Rear-Admiral de Robeck.

No one supposed that the Narrows could be forced without the loss of several good ships. It is not the losses which are the critical point of this news, but rather the doubt as to the precise effect of the bombardment. The official news refrains from any estimate of the damage done to the forts, but the German statement that they are practically intact is presumably mere bluff. There is no weakening in the resolve to force the Narrows, though the equinoctial gales impose delay. The Admiralty states that the guns of the fleet have proved their ability to dominate the forts. It remains to be seen whether effective measures can be devised to meet the danger from the drifting mines. Failing these, the services of the land force under General d'Amade may be required to second the efforts of the fleet. This expeditionary corps (which German telegrams estimate at 50,000 Australian, English, and French troops) is now on the spot (according to German reports, at Lemnos). The will to succeed in this difficult enterprise is as firm as ever, for no success, save the breaking of the German lines in France, could bring greater gains, both military and political, to the Allied cause.

THE German submarine "blockade" has this week developed a new feature. Two Dutch ships, the "Batavier V." and "Zaanstroom," bound for the Thames, were waylaid by a submarine, captured, and taken into Zeebrugge, on the ground that they carried a cargo of food for England. The subsequent steps were far grosser than those which our Admiralty proposes for the conduct of our blockade. The cargoes have been confiscated, and the ships arrested, whereas in a similar case we should merely have diverted them to another destination or purchased the cargoes. The incident has created some excitement in Holland, and may lead to diplomatic protests. Even wilder was the action of a Taube, which dropped two bombs, that luckily fell wide, on the Dutch ship "Zevenbergen," while she was lying with her flags amply displayed, in the Downs. As if to prove that the Germans are concentrating against neutral shipping, the Dutch ship "Medea" was overhauled on Thursday by a submarine, searched, and sunk by gunfire off Beachy Head. In spite of these incidents, the traffic between British ports and Rotterdam continues normally. But Germany is practically opening out a war on the world. *

WHILE the German "blockade" has produced no appreciable effect on the volume of our sea-borne trade, it is reducing the numbers of what are for the enemy probably his most valuable craft. The Admiralty has good reason to believe " that U29 has been sunk. She was one of the larger and newer submarines, and had for her commander a young officer who was with von Hindenburg and von Müller in the front rank of Captain von Germany's most popular warriors. Widdigen had to his credit the sinking of four British cruisers (the "Hogue," "Cressy" and "Aboukir" on one day, and later the "Hawke"). Presumably he found warfare against unarmed merchantmen repugnant work, for he shrank from the vile deeds of some of his colleagues, and carried it out with humanity. Germany is wasting her ablest human material at sea in operations much less harmful to us than the earlier exploits of her submarines against our warships.

The fall of Przemysl overshadows all other events on the Eastern front. The Russians have, however,

shown enterprise in an unexpected quarter. They have carried out a raid (or, as the official news describes it, a reconnaissance) against Memel, the furthest outpost of East Prussia. It was checked at first by the Landsturm, who, with the aid of civilians, fought behind barricades. The Russians then bombarded the town, and entered it successfully, but did not maintain their occupation. The Germans, annoyed by this fresh invasion of their territory, have officially announced that they will burn three Russian villages for every German village destroyed. This brutal threat drew from Herr Ledebour, a prominent Socialist deputy, a vehement protest in the Reichstag; he roundly denounced it as "barbarism." Evidence accumulates that the division in the Socialist Party grows deeper, and it is significant that "Vorwärts" supported Herr Ledebour, while the whole party assented to a protest against the attempts to Germanize" the occupied districts of France.

Nothing of much importance has happened this week in the trenches on the Western front. Some small successes are reported, the only one on which the official news lays any stress being the hill-fighting on the Hartmannsweilerkopf in Alsace. Four Zeppelins attempted to attack Paris before daylight on Sunday, but the result was to prove the efficacy of the French anti-aircraft defences. Two of them were repulsed before they reached the city, and the others advanced only over the outskirts and achieved nothing more than the injury of a few civilians by bombs. A brilliant airraid, with an important military object, was carried out by British airmen on Wednesday. Two aeroplanes flew over the works at Hoboken, near Antwerp, where the Germans are constructing submarines. The works were set on fire, and two of the submarines considerably damaged. In a cheerful interview which he gave to a French journalist, General French lays stress on the need for munitions, notes that the Germans are economizing ammunition, detects a certain lassitude in their troops, and declares that he does not believe in a protracted war.

THE candid and illuminating story of the first six months of the war, which comes from the French General Staff, contains a valuable historical account of the early stages of the western campaign, hitherto for us the obscurest chapter in the whole war. Of more actual interest is the survey with which it concludes of the present condition of the army. The older generals have all been eliminated; the higher command has been 'rejuvenated," and many officers who were Colonels in August are now commanding brigades or divisions. There has also been free promotion from the ranks, and General Joffre's personality has made an end of the reactionary anti-democratic spirit, which had never been fully eliminated during peace. cavalry and artillery have at present an excess of officers, and the infantry cadres have been much less seriously depleted than those of the Germans. Every company is at full strength, or over strength. The total numbers at the front are 2,500,000 men, and the depôts contain about half that number, ready to replace casualties. Behind this reserve are the recruits of the 1915 class. Facts speak so loudly that we need not cite the opinion of the Staff as to the value of this army, hardened by a long campaign, skilled in the technicalities of trench warfare, and assured by experience of its ability to win victory. Its success, save in the one affair at Soissons, sufficiently explained by the floods of the Aisne, has been uniform and unbroken.

SPEAKING at a lecture on the war by Mr. Buchan on Monday, Sir Edward Grey made a brief but impressive presentment of the case for the Allies, and added a slight sketch of their terms of peace. The only condition he specifically mentioned was that Belgium must have back her independence, her national life, and her territory, coupled with reparation for the wrong done to her. But he contrasted the Allies' ideal of free development for the nations of Europe, great and small, with the German ideal of Continental domination under a peace which imposed subservience to Germany. "I would rather," said Sir Edward Grey, "perish or leave the Continent altogether than live in it under such conditions," menaced by continual talk of "shining armor," by swords "rattled in the scabbard," and Heaven invoked as an accomplice of German militarism. * *

THE second theme of Sir Edward Grey's speech was the responsibility for the war. This he fixed solely and firmly on Germany. War might have been avoided, he said, by the simple method of a Conference, or a joint discussion, either here or at The Hague; wherever, or in whatever form Germany wished. Such a Conference would have been a much easier operation than the settlement of the Balkan crisis. Germany knew from her experience at that time that she could count upon our goodwill as well as upon our assurance of 1912 that we would support no aggression upon her. All that we had ever withheld from her was an unconditional promise to stand aside, however aggressive she herself might be. Last July, France, Italy, and Russia were all ready for a Conference, while the Tsar proposed a reference to The Hague. All these suggestions Germany refused, preferring instead to wage the fourth aggressive war for which Prussian militarism was responsible.

OF our own reasons for entering the conflict Sir Edward Grey gave the following account:—

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"We had assured Belgium that never would we violate her neutrality so long as it was respected by others. I had given this pledge to Belgium long before the war. On the eve of the war we asked France and Germany to give the same pledge. France at once did so. Germany declined to give it. When, after that, Germany invaded Belgium we were bound to oppose Germany with all our strength, and if we had not done so at the first moment is there any who now believes that when Germany attacked the Belgians, when she shot down combatants and non-combatants in a way that violated all the rules of war of recent times, and the laws of humanity of all time—is there any one who thinks it possible now that we could have sat still and looked on without eternal disgrace?"

We have one comment to add. We wish that Sir Edward Grey would, first, enlarge his statement of the negotiations of 1912, and that he would then re-deliver the main substance of this important speech to a great popular gathering. We are sure that this wider appeal is necessary.

It is difficult to think that Germany has shown a great tact or discretion in choosing Bernhardi as the apologist who is to persuade the world of her innocence and her gentleness. When the apostle of aggression and force comes before us as the disappointed and disillusioned pacifist, he may strike the imagination, but it takes a little time to grasp him in his new character. This militant Imperialist has been telling the people of America that they were making the error of their lives in thinking that his bite was as bad as his bark; and he appeals for proof to the history of the humane warfare

that Germany has waged in Belgium and France. The difficulty of the situation has arisen from the fact that the enemies of Germany were all wolves dressed like sheep, whereas if any impartial person had looked more closely into the facts he would have seen that Germany, though Bernhardi had for his own amusement dressed her in wolves' clothing, was, in truth, a too unsuspecting sheep. Still, in spite of the disadvantages inevitable in such an encounter, the sheep, when thoroughly roused, will fight with spirit and resolution, as the course of the campaign has shown.

THE interesting myth of a British-Belgian plot against Germany occupies, of course, the chief place in this version of history. Bernhardi cites the document published in the " North German Gazette," omitting to mention that that document assumed a perfectly different character in consequence of the suppression by the German Government of an all-important sentence. That particular fraud was exposed by the Belgian Government, and we commented on it last week. But we adduced a further proof, appealing to the strategical arrangements of the French Government at the outset of the war. This has brought down on him a crushing exposure from the French Government. The whole of the French forces, when war was declared, were facing to the north-east, between Belfort and the Belgian frontier. The German violation of Belgium obliged the French Government to alter its dispositions. Neither French ner British troops or airmen entered Belgium until the Belgian Government had asked for their help against the invader. The truth is, of course, that Germany has reaped all the advantage of this act of perfidy, just because the French were not prepared for it.

THE conferences at the Treasury between Mr. Lloyd George and representatives of the trade unions lasted three days last week, and they resulted in an agreement which the representatives of some thirty-three trade unions undertook to recommend to their members. The agreement provides that there shall be no stoppage on munitions and equipments of war during the war period, that individual or local differences shall be dealt with either by a single arbitrator or by the Committee on Production, or by a Court of Arbitration on which labor will be represented equally with employers. An Advisory Committee for workers is to be appointed by the Government. The workmen agree to the relaxation of present trade practices where it is imperatively necessary; but the Government, on their side, are to see that the position of the workmen at the end of the war is in no way prejudiced in any of these respects by concessions and departures during the war. If semi-skilled labor is employed on skilled work, it is to be paid at the district rates for that work.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers at first refused to agree, but at a further conference they "signed on." They have consented to relax some of their restrictions, on condition that the Government limit private profits to the advantage of the State. All such relaxation is to be confined to work done for the war, and is to cease with the war, the Government using its influence to secure a return to the old conditions. Meanwhile, considerable surprise and disappointment have been caused by the award of the Committee on Production in the Clyde dispute; the Committee gave the men an extra penny an hour. The men had asked for two-pence, and the employers had offered three farthings.

Politics and Affairs.

FROM GREY TO BERNHARDI.

THE country is unfeignedly glad to hear from Sir Edward Grey. He possesses its ear and its confidence to a degree to which no Foreign Minister has attained since Palmerston, and it is to his temperament and character that Europe will chiefly turn for an end to her present travail. He represents a closer approach to idealism than any of his contemporaries in the Foreign Offices of Europe who are likely to have immediate charge of the settlement, and he has the great advantage, which we hope he will never surrender, of speaking for a country that happens to want security and only security. He has already sketched the outlines of a new Europe, in which Alliances and Ententes will be no more. As a man of conscience, he is bound to exert both the physical resources and the moral influence of his country to the end of ensuring not merely a period, but a reign of peace, founded on freedom, which again can only rest on the rehabilitation and the fortification of public law. This is to-day the half-conscious quest of the peoples, as to-morrow it will be their demand, presented either in the revolutionary or in the constitutional form. Sir Edward Grey said with truth that war must never be made again as Germany has made it. Certainly we look for a new Germany to arise from the overthrow of the great armed Confederation which last August fell, with tooth and claw, on Western and Eastern Europe. But that is only a version of the prayer for a new Europe. Such a community, infused, as we are bound to believe it will be infused, with a universal horror of its past, will still be lacking in the formal instruments of peace. It will have no permanent organization for maintaining Sir Edward Grey's policy of equal rights for all. And it has almost broken up the only body to which reference could have been made for dealing with actual judiciable disputes arising by way of a sudden emergency. Europe went to wreck last summer because it wanted time to refer the Austro-Serbian quarrel to The Hague, and a common will and authority to impose a settlement. There lies Sir Edward Grey's task of construction; and we see no other personality that will serve for its accomplishment.

In Sir Edward Grey's conduct of our cause since the war opened two qualities have been conspicuous. The first has been the singular restraint of his attitude to neutrals. It has been necessary so to use our naval power as to make our enemy feel its utmost strain. And it has been equally important to avoid the appearance or the reality of a tyrannical "Navalism." If, in the main, both these ends have been secured, the country has chiefly to thank Sir Edward Grey. His despatches have been examples of moderation in feeling and policy, and we do not recall a case in which they have failed to avert an estrangement of neutral Powers. Thanks to these national services, we have avoided the process of repulsion from our cause which Germany has excited

against hers. Morally, we stand much higher, and Germany much lower, than on the eve and in the opening hours of the great conflict.

Not less important is the effort made in Sir Edward Grey's speech on Monday to present again the salient lines of our case in the sphere of diplomacy. In our view, those lines hold on the two crucial points of defence. We will not here re-argue the question whether in the tangled issues of later European politics our country always took the wisest course. No country, in effect, took any course to which the higher will and more deliberate mind of its men and women were engaged. But if we look at Europe as she stood in face of her destiny in July and August last, we can well answer the question-Who was responsible for the outbreak of war? Who but the nation that, knowing the confrontation of the Powers as she did, allowed her ally and dependent to issue a fiat for the extinction of Serbia as an independent country, required Serbia's submission to slavery within forty-eight hours, and insisted on the "isolation" of the quarrel between the Great Empire and the Little State? Who but the Power that, having the unquestioned control of Austrian diplomacy, set aside Russia's and Serbia's appeal to The Hague and Sir Edward Grey's proposal of a Conference? The British suggestion recalled an example of the best omen to Germany and Austria. Germany knew well what the last effort of the Concert had brought her. It had consummated the Austrian scheme of a separate Albania, and Sir Edward Grey had conducted it without favor to the Entente, and, with Germany's acknowledgment, tendered after the opening of the war, of a disinterested labor for peace. She knew that she had to deal with the same man and with the same nation. Peace lay at her hand. She had not even to stoop and gather it. In face of her stubborn encouragement of Austria, it is not possible to conclude that the organizers of the most magnificent war-machine ever constructed feared war, or that its political directors meant to avert it.

The weight of the case against Germany will not be lightened by the publication of General von Bernhardi's revised version of his own ante-war presentment of it. Bernhardi wrote his famous book* to spur the German people up to war. It is idle to question this description. The headings of its chapters—" The Right to Make War," "The Duty to Make War," "World-Power or Downfall," "The Character of Our Next War"-sufficiently attest its character. His was no thesis of self-defence. It was a call to an aggressive war as the moral antiseptic to pacifism, as the natural development of German history and character, as the highest activity of the modern State, and as the final key to its self-realization. Bernhardi's justification of war was moral, economic, historical, cultural-the complete gamut of the call to violence. If, therefore, the former line of attack on civilization is suddenly changed, it is because its director begins to realize the existence unsuspected moral and physical obstacles. "It has never been our intention," says Bernhardi in his communication to the "New York Sun," "to conquer and subjugate foreign States." But conquest was the

[&]quot; Germany and the Next War."

whole gospel of Bernhardiism. "Strong, healthy, and flourishing nations" must obtain "new territory" "at the cost of its possessors—that is to say, by conquest, which thus becomes a law of necessity." "To a growing people," the "right of conquest by war" was "the only course left." It was specially applicable as against small States, whose existence was "pitiable," while a great State " renounced its highest ideals " when it allowed international law to turn it aside from its own interpretation of them. Germany, says the later Bernhardi, did not owe her power to "a policy of expansion, grasping what may be grasped, but to a peaceful, untiring, mental and economic effort." "The maintenance of peace," insisted the earlier and major prophet, "never can or may be the goal of a policy," for it limited men's capacity to surrender personal ideals to "the expansion of sovereignty and territory in the interests of the national welfare." In Germany's "power of defence" we are now told to look for the real source of her development. That is new hearing from the author of the doctrine that the foundation of Prussia's power lay in "successful and deliberately incurred wars," and that history's key to national greatness lay in the beginning of wars "at the right moment."

We are afraid, therefore, that we cannot conclude a change in the heart of the German militarist merely because his cynicism has run to the first convenient earth that opened to it. What the soldier-philosopher spoke the armed nation has acted; what he would unsay is the measure of what she, too, as the executant of this ruthless and violent will, must be called on to undo. Only let us take from his bad morals and false history a warning lest they lead us, too, astray. For Bernhardi's strategic retreat in the "New York Sun" is halted in order to maintain two special points in a counteroffensive against Great Britain. In effect, the American public is warned against the relentless pressure of our sea-power, maintained as it is by the conqueror of Boer South Africa and the enemy of Indian and Egyptian nationalism. It is fortunate for us that both in the Indian and South African examples, we are able to present a clear contrast with Germany's treatment of her national problem in Alsace-Lorraine and in Prussian Poland. We can at least show a distant sea-province re-united to the Empire, within a few months of a shattering civil war, by an autonomy only a little removed from independence. We can also exhibit the beginnings of a self-governed India and a nationalized Egypt. Germany's offset to these political efforts is the moral re-attachment to France of a second generation of Alsace-Lorrainers, and her unconcluded war on Polish faith and liberties. As to "Navalism," we need fear no comparison between sea-power qualified by Free Trade and sea-power driven by Protection. But if we are challenged to say that no great material force can exist without abuse, we can only quote the struggle of British democracy to avoid the pit into which Germany has fallen as proof that our contribution to the civilized order is not as hers. That type and example of freedom we, as the great non-militarised European State, shall maintain, if only because of the utterly intolerable alternative that she presents to it.

THE HESITATION OF ITALY.

A WISE statesman in this world-war would forbid himself to hope for the intervention of the neutrals, but he would none the less work incessantly to bring it about. It is possible that our press was too eager in the early months of the war to reckon on the entry, first, of Italy and then of Roumania into the Allied ranks. This optimism has exposed itself to many disappointments, and even now, when Italy is plainly on the verge of a decision, it is advisable to face the alternatives coldly. There may often be a lack of candor in modern diplomacy, but there is rarely any absolute secrecy, and the triangular negotiations between Italy, Germany, and Austria, in spite of their delicacy, have been pursued amid a chorus of "inspired" and "well-informed" commentaries. The Austrian press is muzzled, but the German press hints and the Italian press talks, not without emphasis and gesture. Italian public opinion is sharply divided on the question of intervention. The partisans of Germany are few, and the sympathy for the Allies general, but several powerful groups have weighty arguments against a plunge into the horror and ruin of war. Amid these hesitating and divided counsels German diplomacy has seen its chance, astutely enough. War might not be popular; but, on the other hand, no Italian statesman likes the thought of facing the verdict of history at the end of this war with Italian unity uncompleted.

German pressure has accordingly succeeded, with much difficulty, in inducing Austria to promise that Italy shall be rewarded for unbroken neutrality at the end of the war with the Trentino, and some little rectification of her frontier towards, but still short of, Trieste. This is a good deal less than Italian nationalists claim, but it is a substantial compensation for mere neutrality on the part of an ally. It will probably fail, however, if Austria obstinately refuses to deliver the goods until after the end of the war. The anxious question is, now perhaps, whether, with some German connivance, Italy would be content with a limited and local campaign for the acquisition of the Trentino, or whether, having once broken with the German Powers, she would fling her whole energies into the general war.

Of the three courses of action or inaction open to Italy, the least likely to be chosen is, we think, the solution of a limited war to obtain the Trentino. That province, as Signor Giolitti predicted, can be had without fighting, and only a very resolute Government would insist on fighting to obtain it sooner rather than later. If the die is cast for war, Italy will presumably strive to obtain all that war can be made to yield. There are two objectives besides the Trentino which appeal to Italian ambitions. The first is Trieste and some part of the Adriatic coast below it. The second is a footing in Asiatic Turkey. The first is a legacy from 1848, and its nationalist tradition. The second is a recent colonial dream, with no claim of sentiment behind it, which has its roots in the powerful economic motives which dominate the foreign policy of most modern Powers. Neither of these objects could be secured by a half-hearted local campaign in the Trentino. The Trentino happens, moreover, to be a mountainous region with formidable fortifications, capable of a stubborn defence. A campaign for Trieste would give the Italian navy a chance, and operations against Turkey would assuredly be easier than the storming of the Alpine passes. Another set of considerations will certainly weigh with Italian diplomacy. It is the foible of the Italians to carry tact and calculation to a paralyzing excess, and they have to think, not merely of their aspirations to-day, but of their position after the war is over. They dread isolation, and if they leave the German camp (to which they still nominally belong), the course of safety seems to dictate an unreserved entry into the Allied camp. If Italy does break openly with the German Powers, she must, for the sake of her own future, desire a decisive victory for the Allies, and if she desires it, she must contribute to it. The real choice for her lies, we think, between neutrality for a consideration, and an unlimited participation in the general war.

The transfer of the Trentino to Italy presents few difficulties. It is a purely Italian region, and the loss of it, so far from weakening Austria, would only relieve her of a political embarrassment. The case of Trieste is far less simple. It is, indeed, an Italian town, but the solid Slav population of the interior extends to the outskirts of the town, and these Slovenes have lately shown a tendency to fraternize with their first-cousins, the Croats and Serbs. Trieste, moreover, lives by the trade of its Austrian Hinterland, and to deprive German Austria of its one sea-port would also be to cut off Trieste from its only market. The western coast of the peninsula of Istria is also certainly Italian, but the interior is Croat, and a clear boundary-line would not be easy to Dalmatia has an ancient historical connection with Venice, and its civilization was always Italian, but the hard fact is that the Austrian census (less reliable latterly than it used to be) allows only 3 per cent. of Italians in the province. It is a Serb land, and no sensible Italian to-day claims more than a part of it. Serbia must acquire a coast, and wise Italians do not wish to exchange a feud with the Serbs and Croats for the hereditary quarrel with Austria.

If this issue of "Italia Irridenta" were the only argument for an unlimited participation in the war, Italian diplomacy might well dread the risks and puzzles which it raises. The real pressure towards war comes rather from the plight of Turkey. Italy has no historical or sentimental connection with the Cilician coast of Asiatic Turkey. But it has lately attracted much Italian labor and some Italian capital. The region of Adana might become, with a good administration, a rich agricultural province with a large output of cotton, and it could absorb an incomparably greater part of Italy's surplus population than the disappointing colony of Tripoli. The quest for colonies has played a part as large in the foreign policy of Italy as in that of con-It explains the long feud with temporary Germany. France, and the motive which originally dictated an entry into the German system has latterly been the chief solvent of the Alliance. Italy could satisfy her colonial ambitions only at the expense of Turkey, but Turkey happens to be an ally, if not a protectorate, of Germany. The attack on the Dardanelles has stirred Italy almost as deeply as it has affected the Balkan States. The hesitation of all these neutrals turns now at least as much on their uncertainty as to the policy of the Allies in the Near East, as it does on their suspicions of each other. The guns of the Allied ships have somewhat outranged the movements of Allied diplomacy. We know much more clearly what each of the neutrals wants, than they know what the Allies will concede. Greece, like Bulgaria, declares that no precise offer has been made to win her co-operation, and for all these States the doubt about the future of Constantinople is as harassing as the doubt about Macedonia is for Bulgaria. A firm declaration in favor of a settlement on honest nationalist lines is necessary if we hope from this chaos of jealousies and hesitations to create a formidable and decisive coalition.

THE MOBILIZATION OF WOMEN.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE said, the other day, that if we were beaten in this war it would be a great set-back to democratic ideas. We are convinced that he is right. But we hope he will recognize that if democracy is to be given a fair trial the Government itself must show some confidence in democratic methods and some respect for democratic principles. We urged long ago that the trade unions should be called into council, and that at every stage in the organization of industry the workpeople should be treated as responsible partners in the cares and perils of the State, and not as children or as mere instruments. A very important point has now been reached in the readjustment of our industrial machinery to our new situation. The mobilization of women for the services from which men have been withdrawn by enlistment has become a definite Government policy, and registers have been opened for this purpose at the Labor Exchanges. The advantages of this course are obvious enough. is essential that all our energies should be brought into play; it is all to the good that the importance of women's work and women's capacity should be thus publicly and formally recognized; the experience will be for thousands of homes an adventure in new ideas, with consequences that promise emancipation from a good many cramping conventions. But it is not less clear that the manner in which this policy is put into practice is of the utmost importance. If it were to degenerate into the supplying of cheap labor, it would bring a great train of misery and degradation to men and women. If it is to succeed, it must be a deliberate, careful scheme, safeguarded against sweating, with the fullest provision both for the present and for the future; a plan not less complete than the plans for mobilizing an army. How is such a plan to be

It is, on the face of it, absurd enough that the society which is calling on women in this way allows them no vote; that absurdity clearly cannot survive this final and crushing exposure of its injustice. Nobody can pretend that the conditions on which women take employment at the urgent call of the State are important only to men, or that men are alone entitled to any voice in determining those conditions. Fortunately, though women have had no share in electing the Parliament to which the Government is responsible, the Government will have no difficulty in finding representative and experienced

women to act as an Advisory Board; and the appointment of such a Board must be the first step in carrying out this policy. Such a Board should include representatives of the Suffrage Societies, of women's professional organizations, and of the several women's trade unions. But as soon as we begin to consider the kind of questions that have to be settled we can see that this body must be put into touch with the representatives of the workmen's unions. Some people-Lady Aberconway, for example, took this view on Wednesday in the "Daily Chronicle"when discussing the adverse conditions of women's employment, put all the blame on the men's trade unions. This reading of history overlooks the use that employers have made of women's labor for beating down wages. The men's trade unions have not always adopted a wise or a generous policy in regard to women's labor (they ought clearly to put as much energy and money into a women's strike as they would into one of their own), but it is indisputable that employers have favored the employment of women because they wanted cheap and docile labor, and that it is only as women's labor ceases to be either cheap or docile that any successful advance can be

There should, therefore, be no antagonism between the point of view of the men's trade unions and that of the women's societies on the immediate question that arises over the policy of the Government. To both alike it is of vital importance that there should be no sweating, that the women who take this employment should be able to defend themselves, that the employment itself should be regarded as of a special character, and that careful arrangements should be made for the time when peace restores normal working. Should not every woman who takes such employment come under a definite agreement to which the Government, the Women's Advisory Council, and the body already set up representing the men's unions, should all be parties? The agreement would fix the rates of pay and conditions of work; it would provide that whilst in this employment every woman should belong to the particular trade union in which the men workers are organized; and it would provide for the future, when claims for compensation will have to be considered. This system ought to be applied in all cases. The White Paper just issued on the State of Employment reports that 80,000 additional laborers will be required for agriculture this summer, and 90,000 casual laborers in addition for the harvest. This deficiency will, in part, be supplied by women, and it ought to be arranged that every woman who enlists for this service becomes a trade unionist. Either we believe in democracy and want to arrange these schemes in a democratic spirit, or we are only posing when we talk in that strain. If we mean anything by it, we must treat all industries on this basis, whether trade unionism is strong

During the last few weeks we have been taking responsibility, as a State, for the control and conduct of a great body of industries. We are thus accountable in a direct and immediate sense for the treatment of the men and women engaged in them. In what spirit are we going to act? The Industrial Revolution created the view of the working classes that they existed merely

to serve machines, and to obey their masters. This view still survives in many quarters. It has left us with grave and perilous problems, as we see at this moment in the state of the docks. A leading article in the "Times" of Wednesday told us solemnly that what is wrong with England is that the workpeople have been taught that they have rights and no duties. We should be interested to hear what the editor of the "Times" would say to a docker, or a carter, or a low-paid railway worker, who wanted to know what he owed to society. It paid a number of employers to have a floating army of casual laborers at the docks, and society did nothing to check them. It never occurred to Governments or to the upper classes that these men and women had any rights or claims to a decent life; they were left to the mercy of their employers. If they satisfied the needs of their employers, society had nothing to say. Whatever improvement they have gained, they have won at terrible costs and privations to themselves and their families. How little other classes have cared about their wrongs we may judge from the callous indifference with which Parliament allowed the Port of London Authority to break their organizations and to reduce them to the helplessness of casual laborers less than three years ago. We would recommend the "Times" to study Sir Edward Clarke's report on that occasion, and to recall the conduct of the House of Commons, and then to ask whether, if the dockers are slow to recognize their obligations to society in a great crisis, the reason is not that society has treated the dockers, not as citizens, but as a body of labor existing for the service of its employers and for no other purpose in life. That is the spirit we have to eradicate from industry, and at every stage in the measures Mr. Lloyd George has in contemplation that first duty must be kept in mind.

THE STORY OF RUSSIAN STRATEGY.

PRZEMYSL has fallen after a defence of four months; but in paying homage to the besieged we need not be led into depreciation of the siege. The fortress held out since its relief in October by the Austrian advance to the San. This is a long time for a strong place to bear the onslaught of modern siege-warfare. But it is precisely here that an ambiguity is liable to creep in. When the war broke out, Austria-Hungary was thoroughly well equipped with heavy guns. Russia was so ill-prepared that she had to buy guns from the Antipodes. Przemysl only bore the real stress of modern siege-warfare for a fortnight, and, when one realizes its extraordinary strength, the Russians are to be congratulated on the brevity of their attack.

In itself, the fall of Przemysl is an incident, though its effects will be by no means incidental. Besides the immense amount of stores and war material, some 120,000 officers and men have fallen into Russian hands. At a critical moment Russia has presented to her the large force engaged in the investment, while the armies now in the field resume their tasks with a greatly enhanced moral. Nevertheless, the capture remains an incident, spectacular, ponderable, convincing. Russia has scored great successes, and will probably score many more.

That her achievements have not been more justly appreciated is not a little due to the newspapers of this country which, hastily reckoning that Berlin was well under 200 miles from the Russian frontier, saw Germany brought to her knees before France had even bent to the storm of her frontiers. But the task of an army is not measured by its distance from an objective so much as by an assessment of its resources against its handicaps and obstacles. Those who saw Russia not 200 miles from Berlin neglected the important fact that for over 400 miles from the easternmost point of Poland she was menaced by an active, well-equipped, powerful enemy in the South, and that for over 200 miles in the North she was threatened by another enemy. This is merely to conceive East Prussia and Galicia in linear measure, whereas they are areas. But even so crude a conception ruthlessly wipes out the vision of an easy march to Berlin. Before Russia could move directly on the heart of Germany she had to deal with her enemies, actual and potential, south and

Apart from these external obstacles, she had handicaps within. The most cursory study of the map of the Eastern theatre of the war shows how well situated are Germany and Austria for offence, how ill-placed is Russia. A highly organized system of frontier railways both in Germany and Austria-Hungary gave them, so to say, a mechanical preponderance of initiative which, on the Galician side alone, is fairly represented as between three and four to one. This means that for every point at which Russia could invade Galicia under the best conditions, Austria-Hungary had nearly four. A still more serious handicap of Russia concerns her soldiery. The Russian moujik has a singular power of holding up against the most terrible punishment. But he also has the defect of his quality. He tends to inertia, and Russia has paid her toll in blood for that handicap. Train the moujik as one will, he remains a little loose, a little Bohemian, something of a child; and one pays for that in battle. More vital than any of these handicaps is Russia's lack of equipment in a war which more and more tends to express itself in terms of mechanics.

The great merit, therefore, of Russia is that she has both used her resources and overcome her obstacles. The only successes scored against her have been in the East Prussian field. There, von Hindenburg evolved an ingenious strategy, depending upon the nature of the terrain and the intricate series of strategic railways. He gained two successes, one the greatest in the whole war, excepting alone those which have fallen to Russia. Admitting this, still it is not possible to doubt that Russia drove a hard bargain with Germany. When Rennenkampf and Samsonoff descended upon East Prussia at the beginning of the third week in August and won the victories of Gumbinnen and Frankenau, they far outweighed in the German mind the resistance of Belgium and even the German victory in Lorraine. As the days went by, bringing to Berlin the news of these triumphs, they brought also the more poignant and convincing evidence of the refugees from East Prussia. Russian Staff had put its finger on a sensitive nerve. Indecision arose in the German Staff. Two or three army corps were withdrawn from the Western army to

cope with the new situation. Samsonoff was indeed driven into von Hindenburg's trap. He suffered badly from a faulty reconnaissance, something from the immobility of his troops, but chiefly from his success at Frankenau, which led him too far into treacherous country. But von Hindenburg at once discounted his generalship by marching open-eyed into a similar trap across the frontier. Failing to cross the Niemen, he was compelled to retreat across the swamp and woodland east of the German frontier. The double movement happened twice. On the second occasion von Hindenburg's trap did not spring so rapidly, and in the ensuing counter-movement across the frontier the Russians took their full revenge, and, for the first time, the world saw a war-panic among German troops. How does the balance lie? To say that honors are easy is to approach the truth; but the periodic rushes of von Hindenburg tell their own tale. The significant fact is that Russia retains the initiative even on the East Prussian front.

But the East Prussian area is not of prime but of secondary military importance in the Russian plan. In Poland the Germans have suffered more. If the first attack on Warsaw nearly succeeded in the second week in October, this must again be put down to a faulty Russian reconnaissance, which only located von Morgen's army when it was already in the suburbs of the city. But as soon as the danger was realized, the Russian staff initiated a counter-attack which, but for the immobility of the troops, should have annihilated the enemy. A blow was aimed at the German right from the south of Warsaw, and the other flank was driven in by a force from Nova Georgievsk, north of the city. Compare the strategy of the commanders-the Germans offering an unguarded flank to the fortress, Nova Georgievsk, and the Russian scheme of envelopment. The story was the same throughout the length of the Vistula and the San. The Russians advanced to the frontier of Poland. Von Hindenburg again put into operation his railway system, and suddenly flung some half-a-million men against about a third of the number of Russians in the neighborhood of Thorn. The Russians fell back. There was the so-called victory of Kutno, for which von Hindenburg was made a Field Marshal; but it was so trifling a victory that the Russians were able to put the marshy area of the Bzura between them and the enemy, and hold their position until reinforcements could arrive. Then came the fracture of the line south-east of Lodz, a fracture healed with such facility that it had almost the appearance of a trap. At least one German division was cut off, and two army corps, thrown into the gap to keep the jaws from closing on another division, were so severely handled that even the German report admitted that their losses were "naturally not slight."

But it is in Galicia that Russia has best shown her true quality. The campaign in East Prussia has been a means to an end; that in Galicia is both a means and an end. When Russia can complete her conquest of Galicia, she can divide her foes, and at the same moment be very near the heart of Germany. On this point von Hindenburg can have no delusions. It is not for Austria's sake that he is anxious for the defence of Cracow. He is fighting for the industrial centres of Silesia. Russian strategy,

therefore, pivots on Galicia. Examine the Russian campaign in Galicia, and it is difficult to find any fault with its strategy. When Ruzsky and Brussiloff took the field, in the third week in August, the main section of an Austro-Hungarian army of nearly a million men was feeling towards Lublin and Cholm, with Ivanoff falling back slowly before it. To hold the flank, about a quarter of a million men lay almost at right angles to the main army in Poland, across Galicia. No one in the Galician section seems to have thought that Ruzsky threatened any point but the right flank of the main army. The two Russian generals moved up steadily, marching almost at right angles, Ruzsky due south, Brussiloff due west, meeting heavy opposition in the Sereth valley. Then, on the 27th they joined hands. In the next week Brussiloff captured Halicz, and turned north upon Lemberg. It was threatened from the east already, and Ruzsky bore down from the north. After two days' battle, the Austrians fell back, losing heavily in numbers and material. Ruzsky had turned north, and joining Ivanoff's army, enabled it to crumple up the Austrian left, and the army, strengthened by a considerable German infusion, was thrown back to the San. Meanwhile, with almost theoretical precision, the Carpathian Passes were secured, and Dimitrieff, forcing Grudek, was pressing on towards Przemysl. By September 22nd, not five weeks from taking the field, Russia was in possession of Jaroslav, had invested Przemysl, and broken the Austrian armies. The Austro-German counter-attack checked her march on Cracow, and relieved Jaroslav and Przemysl. The Russian staff was strong enough here, as later at Lodz, to be above holding to a town to the prejudice of the main military plan. A fortnight later the situation had been dealt with in the north, and the Russians hurled the Austrians back. On this occasion they penetrated to within three and a-half miles of Cracow. When, later on, they retired under pressure from the Dukla Pass, it was a virtual victory, since Austria had been compelled to withdraw badly needed troops from Serbia. And now Przemysl has fallen. It is hardly too much to say that, considering Russia's initial difficulties and the extraordinary massed forces against her, the Galician campaign will rank as classical.

If, therefore, military Russia must be signified by a letter or a label, we may conceive her, not as a steam roller, but rather as a snake, crushing in her toils now one now another strong position, healing her wounds as by first intention, flinging her length where she will, and drawing back, only to raise her poised head to strike. Inertia we have suggested as a handicap; but inertia is a quality of motion as well as of rest. That is the lesson for her enemies in the field.

A London Diary.

I am surprised to see that the "Observer," under its new proprietor, follows the "Times," with a rather remarkable coincidence of suggestion and omission, in reviving the notion of a coalition Government at a moment when nearly everybody else had ceased

even to think of it. Its writer retains a limited confidence in the present Cabinet, which he thoughtfully distributes among four of its members—Mr. George, Mr. Churchill, Lord Kitchener, and Sir Edward Grey. He is kind to include the Foreign Secretary, for I was wondering whether he had not half a mind to leave out the man who is more indispensable to the European situation than any one of his foreign contemporaries. But he has forgotten all about the Prime Minister. By whom, therefore, is it proposed to replace Mr. Asquith? And for what purpose? To see the nation fall into dissension? Or to put a heaven-sent but unnamed genius into the place that gapes for him? I wonder.

THE world has been a little amused, and perhaps a little intrigued, to hear of Mr. Balfour's figuring in the gathering at the Treasury between the trade unionists and the officials and statesmen who are trying to fix an entente with labor. Mr. Balfour is always delightful. and he is understood to be a serious student of that part of the labor problem which is associated with profitsharing. But I do not recall a speech of his on labor matters which was not in the highest degree sceptical and embarrassed in method, as well as entirely negative in conclusion. Therefore one would hardly expect to see this philosopher advising a meeting composed of such very prosaic and practical elements as those of the Labor Conference. Perhaps it was a converted optimist who sat at the Board, not the Arthur Balfour with whom Parliament is more familiar in his attitude to work and wages. But his presence at all must have provoked an almost universal question as to its cause.

It is most encouraging to hear of the reception which the threat of the submarine has met from our mercantile marine. At first there were fears that this attack on the nerves of the nation might find its way, here and there, to the class who had to take all its risks. Nothing of the kind has happened. It may now be concluded that fear of the submarine has not withdrawn one sailor from our merchant service. From none of the centres comes, I believe, any report or suggestion of a refusal to "sign-on" for this reason. The men have their grievances and grumblings, and the calls of the Admiralty tend now and then to produce a shortage. But (as always) they are splendid.

What country, what county, produces any type resembling John Wilson, of Durham? Labor politics throws up all sorts of men, but it could not well produce a finer sequence of statesmanship than in the leaders of the northern miners whom it sent to our Parliaments since 1880 onwards. Wilson was a little sterner, less genial, than his friends, Burt and Fenwick. he had the same capacity, not merely for leading his fellows, but for being a great representative man. All three were almost perfect speakers, with styles as good, in their way, as Bright's. Wilson never seemed to me to use the wrong word; his instinct for style was unfailing. All three were excellent men of affairs, well fitted, I should say, for the Speakership of the House of Commons. All three were men of tough,

upstanding character, courting nobody, needlessly repelling nobody. Their politics did not carry them far on the road to social reconstruction; of late years it was obviously right-wing politics. But I cannot imagine a more admirable and winning personal presentment of a national force.

I have received the following curious and perplexing account of the psychology of the German soldier from a correspondent in New York:—

"I have made the acquaintance of a journalist, Mr. Ernest Poole (author of a most excellent novel on New York life, 'The Harbor,' which I warmly recommend you if you have any money to spare on new novels), who two or three weeks ago has come back from a two months' stay in Germany, where he has seen all sorts and spent some days in the trenches. people, Although himself an ardent pacifist, he fails to discover any signs of a more pacific sentiment among the German people. He believes that Americans fail to appreciate sufficiently the ethical effect of the war on the workers from mines, factories, and workshops. The men have no sense of the horror of the war; they have, most of them, for the first time in their life, been taken out of the humdrum life and drudgery of the ordinary worker, and made to feel that they are making a sacrifice for an idea. This sentiment of sacrifice permeates the whole nation; even among the women there is no complaint. The horrible thing, Mr. Poole says, is that the soldiers are thoroughly enjoying themselves-they are not brutal, they do not entertain the idea of killing, but are kept up through all their tuals and deprivations by an intense patriotism. On Christmas night he witnessed thousands of soldiers in the trenches singing 'Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht'; the incongruity simply did not exist for them. One officer told him he had to change certain troops three times because the men in the trenches got too friendly with the enemy. (This was in Poland.)'

My informant was equally explicit on the political situation in Germany:—

"The Socialists fully support the Government, and there is no sign of a change in feeling. Suedekum and other leaders are very busy bringing about as many Socialist measures in State and municipality as they can. These men are elated; they have been tremendously successful in increasing State and municipal enterprise, and believe that the cost of the war will largely come out of the returns of this enterprise, and not out of taxation. The political antagonism of parties continues, but it has assumed a very mild form. In one officers' mess Poole found the 'Vorwaerts' on the table, the only newspaper—this, of course, was a freak. Liebknecht affirms that he has 500,000 supporters opposed to the war; but it is impossible to prove or disprove this, as obviously all meetings are impossible.

"All this agrees very much with the kind of opinion I had formed from the German press. I asked Poole whether he thought the men would peacefully return into their old industrial occupations, under the old conditions, when the war was over. He had made this a special object of study, and has come to the conclusion—based on no tangible proofs—that in all probability the psychological effect of discipline in the army would outweigh the effect of the ethical elation previously mentioned. The example of the Civil War also leads one to anticipate that there will be no widespread dissatisfaction with low wages and drudgery as a result of the changed mental outlook. The men went back to the factories as though nothing had happened."

Finally, I quote an entirely opposite view from a Dutch correspondent, very friendly to our cause:—

"Reports from Germany point to a growing longing for peace among the people. I still believe that we shall see the card-house fall to pieces."

Who can fail to be touched by M. Romain Rolland's words in the "Journal de Genève" in praise of the work of the English Emergency Committee for the assistance of starving Germans and Austrians here, and of the sister societies founded in Berlin to perform the same act of Christian kindness to our own people so situated? In this way, and perhaps in this way alone, can one expect to give relief to those souls who, in M. Rolland's words, feel themselves "stifled" in the "atmosphere of hate" which poisons the accustomed relationships of mankind. In the same spirit, Dr. Elizabeth Rotten, the Secretary of the Berlin Society, has written a little fourpage pamphlet, one passage of which I quote:—

"We have finally been able, in spheres removed from war's stern dictation, to render neighborly service to innocent alien enemies in whom we recognize our own brothers and sisters.

"Over and above the practical help which we are in a position to render, it is to us a consolation and a support to be permitted, even at a time like the present, to listen freely to the voice of humanity and love. The tragic events which crowd in upon us on every hand not only fill all our being with awe in the presence of suffering humanity, but inspire in us active love and devotion. Our whole souls are enlarged, and the more deeply we feel the tragedy, the more we are impelled to give place to none but constructive and uplifting thoughts."

I see that the "Daily Chronicle," reverting to the always fascinating theme of the Censorship, mentions that a statement made to it by Sir Thomas Lipton of the appalling visitation of typhus in Serbia was refused insertion on the ground that it would discourage helpers from going to Serbia. A few hours later, a letter from him giving precisely the same facts was published. waive the absurdity of this position, but I suggest it is as much a breach of the Censor's pledge not to suppress news of a merely discouraging character as the suppression of a Canadian comment on Colonel Seely's military appointment was a breach of the pledge to let criticism go free. Yet it is from an office thus conducted that one habitually receives either menaces thinly disguised as monitions, or instructions as to attitude which presume an intelligence and a sense of dutiful propriety well below the average of back-country journalism. I admit a useful hint hidden here and there in these bundles of surplusage. But what kind of self-respect or critical worth is this kind of surveillance calculated to foster in British journalism?

Norfolk can claim the credit for more than one interesting movement in the sad history of the agricultural laborer, and it is therefore specially fitting that the new quarterly magazine, called "The Laborer," should find its home there. The first number has just reached me, and I commend it to my readers. It contains, among other things, a powerful article by Miss Susan Lawrence on the grave reversion to child labor with which we are threatened; a most reactionary and dangerous proceeding, of which Parliament has taken strangely little notice. The paper contains an instructive family budget, and among other interesting items it reproduces the

address which a farmer put on a letter to the Secretary of the Union asking for a rise in wages:—

WALKER,

Labour Union Aggutator, Hempton, Fakenham,

The paper is published at Wensum House, Hempton, Fakenham, Norfolk, and costs one penny.

A SLIP of the pen substituted pounds for dollars in my last week's reference to the failure of a German loan in the United States.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"FOUR-SQUARE TO ALL THE WINDS."
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

March 27th, 1915.

The — Region in Space (Name deleted by Censor).

My Lord,—This year being the centenary of my last active service with the British Army—I refer to the engagement near Waterloo—it may not seem unnatural to your lordship that I should desire to revisit the troops with whose achievements I was formerly to some extent associated. Having been successful in the accomplishment of that wish, I have thought it proper to make your lordship acquainted with the course of my reflections upon this subject. I confess, the discovery that for the war now in progress our arms are allied with the nation which your Government described as our hereditary enemy at first affected me with considerable surprise.

I never depreciated the Prussian fighting power, though I was inclined to marvel at rather than applaud their Field-Marshal's one military design of shearing a way through the enemy's forces, and I deplored in him an excessive severity towards the defeated foe, which, after our joint occupation of Paris, I was enabled to some extent to control. But it appears that within the last half-century this Prussian coalition, now denominated an Empire (a foolish title borrowed by Napoleon from the Holy Roman Empire which he abolished), has grown to such a height of military greatness as to threaten a domination over Europe similar to Napoleon's dream. As in Napoleon's case, self-preservation compelled the British Government to check this impending supremacy, all the more when a naval Power, such as Germany has now become, threatened to occupy the Belgian ports (as, indeed, it has occupied them), and, by annexing a large portion of the French coast also, to command the British Channel, so as to imperil not only our trade, but our national independence. In this respect, the German policy is, in fact, a repetition of Napoleon's, and, apparently, it includes similar designs of invasion.

It is further remarkable that the large but uncertain forces of Russia are again acting in co-operation with our alliance, and effecting a fortunate diversion of the enemy's strength. The result, though on a far larger scale, is the same as when, in 1811, Napoleon began to withdraw his armies from the Peninsula with a view to his proposed Russian campaign, and thus relieved the pressure upon me there. At the present time, the Russians, always dangerous in defence, are displaying an initiative vigor of attack such as no one would have expected from their conflict with Frederick the Great, or from their behavior during Napoleon's Moscow campaign.

I am compelled, my Lord, to recognize great changes in national characteristics since the affairs of State were in your hands. You remember, for instance, that after Waterloo I said of the Belgian troops that the poor devils behaved as well as usual. The Belgians are now again included in our alliance, and, as is customary in European campaigns, much of the fighting has taken place upon their soil. But on all sides I hear their army described as heroic, and it appears that, under the inspiration of two remarkable leaders-one their King, the other some kind of a Jacobin-the population has shown itself capable of patriotic self-sacrifice. I hear similar observations made in regard to a people now called the Serbians, formerly known to us only as part of the confused but powerful dominion of the Turkish Sultans. The American Colonists also have far exceeded their former reputation and powers, and one of the favorable aspects of the situation is that they have not combined with the enemy against us as they did in 1812 when our fortunes hung on the balance. But, indeed, the temperament and genius of nearly all the nations whom we knew have undergone extraordinary alteration. In the French, it is true, I perceive the rather enthusiastic courage unchanged, especially in assault; and the Prussian and other German States still display the dogged toughness of old Blücher's times. But both races have become practical, united, and far more formidable. Of European countries it is hard for me to recognize any but Spain (you remember my opinion of Spaniards!) and Austria, which stands in alliance with the enemy now and fully maintains her old reputation for misfortune.

I will, however, confine my further observations to our own forces as I found them established in a region historically familiar to British arms. I need not inform your Lordship of the causes which induced their present dispositions. I wish only to draw your attention to two points in the campaign's earlier stage. At the outset our French Allies seriously misjudged the enemy's intentions. They prepared to receive his attack, or to attack on their own part, from two main positions along their contiguous frontier between the Ardennes and Switzerland. Many previous indications, combined with a knowledge of the enemy's mental attitude in warfare, might have informed them that his main approach would be driven through Belgium. They calculated upon treaty obligations which they should have known he would disregard, and by their honorable simplicity they sacrificed the opportunity of checking his onset with adequate forces, either on their own frontier with Belgium or (which would have been more serviceable) upon the Belgian-German frontier. But for this misjudgment of the enemy's strategic methods, they might possibly have prevented his occupation of the Belgian cities and a considerable portion of their own territory. In that case, their line of defence might at present be drawn from the neighborhood of Maestrecht to the neighborhood of Verdun, instead of from a point near Dunkirk to the same region-a difference of at least a hundred miles, which would be of incalculable advantage now.

My other observation is of minor importance. The enemy's General Staff made full use of the opportunity thus opened to them. In spite of the courageous opposition of the Belgians themselves and of such French forces as could be collected, to say nothing of the obstinate delaying actions of the British army, they pushed powerful forces forward almost to within striking distance of the French capital. Why did their assault then suddenly collapse? To use my former phrase, it was a damned near thing. Various reasons are given—the sudden appearance of an unexpected French force upon

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General von Kluck's right flank, and his incautious neglect of the British as of troops demoralized by retreat. Many causes contributed, but I attribute the chief cause to hunger. He had outrun his supply of food, and, perhaps, of ammunition. His troops were starved and exhausted. The country was devastated. He was in the same position as Masséna when, by retiring behind our lines at Torres Vedras, I compelled him to retire.

When I constructed those lines for the protection of Lisbon and our possible embarkation, certain persons reproached me for adopting an ancient mode of warfare. I find the same mode now adopted both by the enemy and the Allies along the whole front from the Channel to the Alps. The portion of this front held by our troops coincides in length with my second line at Torres Vedras, and appears to be equally impregnable. But in place of vast walls of loose rocks (which the Low Countries do not provide) and obstructions formed by piles of trees, the main defence consists of earthworks, saps, traverses, and trenches-the very things we required so much at Badajoz, and could not construct for want of an Engineer detachment of sappers and miners. Such trenches as we had, however, both there and at Ciudad Rodrigo, were generally full of mud and water, and our men went into action in breeches stiff with Trench warfare is attended by similar disadvantages in the present campaign. But so far from being antiquated, it is the incredible force of modern projectiles, combined with the vast numbers of modern armies, which has thus driven military operations to underground defence or to fortifications composed of hooked and spiky wire, in place of our arboreal entanglements. The cannon ball of our time, which went plunging over the ground for considerably more than a mile, is now obsolete, together with the flint-lock, so deadly even at 200 yards. I fear I could give your Lordship no conception of the modern firearm, which is sighted up to 2,800 yards, and can be discharged at least fifteen times a minute, or of modern artillery-field guns ranging over 6,000 yards, and throwing 18-lb. projectiles, ten a minute, to burst in air with great explosive force, not to speak of heavy guns capable of hurling nearly a ton's weight of terrific explosives for a distance of seven or even ten miles, the naval guns having still greater range and power. Nor will I tax your Lordship's credulity by describing machines which progress with great rapidity in air, and from high elevations drop grenades and steel arrows upon the foe, at the same time effecting reconnaissance in place of cavalry. Yet such have I seen.

Under these conditions, it is not difficult to realize the terrible nature of an assault. Little more than a fortnight ago I was privileged to witness such an assault upon a position of about the same length as our front at Waterloo, and nearly the same in depth. operations began with a concentration of our artillery, which is reported to have discharged 135,000 shells upon the enemy's position. Our men dashed forward with their habitual gallantry, and I observed Indian troops similarly engaged. The position, to the extent named, was taken and held. The enemy was damnably mauled. It was a most gallant achievement. But when I beheld the loss of so many thousands of our own noble race, I confess, my Lord, that emotion overcame me. As at the contemplation of the breach at Badajoz, the firmness of Nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate outburst of grief, though I am aware that vive force can carry no position without loss.

Well, my Lord, as in our own time, the English must either fight abroad or they will have to fight at

home, and I am not likely to underrate the value of patience in defensive warfare, seeing that I attributed Napoleon's ruin to his want of it, both in his campaign in 1814, and on his sudden return from Elba. For the immediate future, it is not for me to presume advice. I can only hope that the distinguished Field-Marshal who now occupies my command will soon, as I used to express it, get into fortune's way. But I beg leave to detain your Lordship's attention by a few remarks concerning the rank and file. I never thought much of our men. Their conduct in the Peninsula was infamous. Even flogging and military law were not sufficiently strong to keep them in order. You remember, I repeatedly called them the scum of the earth. I said they had all enlisted for drink. That was the plain fact-they had all enlisted for drink. People talked of their enlisting for fine military feeling-all stuff, I said-no such thing. But now, my Lord, you could hardly conceive how great is the change. You know my belief in "blood"—in the staying-power and fortitude of high birth, whether in horse or man. That belief has been amply justified in this war, and in the casualty lists I observe many names well known to me for ancestral courage. But when I contemplate the ranks these private soldiers-clean, courageous, well-behaved, and for the most part sober -I am constrained to think that the qualities of "blood" have become more widely diffused, and I confess, my Lord, that the sight of a modern British battalion in foreign billets would almost reconcile the mind to the otherwise disastrous consequences of extended education, religious tolerance, and political enfranchisement.—I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

WELLINGTON.

THE CHANGING EAST.

WE were once invited by an energetic Bulgarian schoolmistress in a remote little town of the Macedonian interior, to visit her class-room in order to see the embroideries of her pupils. We went with high expectations. Art, in the ambitious and self-conscious sense of the word, is extinct among the subject-races under Turkish rule, and among the ruder of them it never had existed even in their remote age of national freedom. But, like all the Slavs, the Macedonians have preserved their traditional methods and patterns of needlework. Each region has its own speciality, and while all this work, even in the trimming of the poorest peasant woman's shirt-sleeves, is tasteful and good, the design and the use of color sometimes rise to a boldness and originality that would set a fashion and start a school, if it were known in the West. When one turns from the shirts and tunics of the peasants to the kerchiefs and decorations of the well-to-do, the variety and grace of the work (much of it borrowed from the further East) is an endless study and delight. We supposed, in our innocence, that this traditional art would be practised, perhaps with refinements and perfections unknown to the village women, in the town school. We were asked, when we arrived, to admire a dog's head worked in Berlin wool, and a large rose of the same material of early Victorian design. Our disappointment puzzled the enlightened mistress, who knew for a fact, however eccentric we in our tastes might be, that she was carrying out, faithfully and well in her remote outpost, the approved pedagogic methods of the best American mission schools. It was this dismal experience that leapt to our memory when we came across an enthusiastic book, by an American educationalist, on "The Modernizing of the East"

(Fisher Unwin). Mr. Clayton Sedgwick Cooper has travelled all over the East, and from every land which "modern" influences have reached he brings the same tedious tale. Here Kabyles are learning to use European tools, there Egyptians are adopting scientific agriculture, Indians aspire to University degrees as marketable commodities, and the Japanese, with a sort of Roman eclecticism, are admitting baseball and Christianity to a parity with ju-jitsu and Shintoism. Our first sensation after glancing over Mr. Cooper's collection of photographs, which exhibit the Oriental pupils of mission schools engaged in manipulating Western tools or in playing Christian games, was one of hearty revolt. We do not want to see the beautiful Slav embroideries exchanged for early-Victorian dogs' heads, nor the men's everlasting and decorative garments of homespun cloth replaced by shoddy suits from the mills. We had rather watch the peasants dancing the "horo" than playing baseball. It hurts us to think that the little glimmering lamps on the minarets are destined to be replaced by electric lights, and we would rather ride over foot-tracks among the unsullied hills on our little Turkish pony than rush across them in a motor-car over tarred roads past busy coal-mines.

This mood of romantic attachment to all that is backward and "un-modern" in the East is no singularity of ours. It is, indeed, the conventional attitude. must have qualified the satisfaction with which some of us look forward, for example, to the forcing of the Dardanelles. The heavy guns of the "Queen Elizabeth" are shattering the bazaars of Stamboul, as surely as if her shells actually fell into their busy lanes. It costs us no wrench to think of a Constantinople without a Sublime Porte, but who wants to see it a Levantine town like Alexandria? The point of view is, of course, confessedly external and superficial. It is rankly selfish; it is, in short, the view of the tourist. We want the East to remain un-modernized, because we should like to visit it, not to live in it. It is curious to watch the Turkish peasant scratching the earth with a wooden plough, but we know very well that it would be better for him, if less amusing for us, that he should use the commonplace steel article. It is all very well to canter over unmade tracks on a sturdy pony, but we know very well that the making of a good macadam road would put an end to the torture of over-taxed beasts and the worries of their drivers. The "modernizing" of the East generally means, when one comes to think of it, the substitution of good and efficient methods and tools for old-world devices which exact from man and beast excessive labor for meagre returns. It ought to mean this, and in the long run, perhaps, it will mean this. But we confess that our presentation of this economic defence is disturbed by the knowledge that the first application of Western methods is commonly the introduction of an industrial system, cruder, harsher, and more conscienceless than the worst of its early excesses in the West. The peasant woman who stops weaving cloth for her husband's cloak, will presently be caught up in a mill at which the Lancashire of Shaftesbury's day would have blushed. We suspect, moreover, that the home-made cloak, which never wears out, is not only warmer, more comfortable, and more decorative than the slop" overcoat from the mill, but also, in the long run, cheaper and more economical.

This may seem, perhaps, as superficial a test of the process of "modernization" as the tourist's romantic egoism. What is primarily going to be "modernized" is not so much the tools and the economics of the East, as its mind. It may be so, but the mental change may be

vastly exaggerated, and some current statements of it are, we think, clearly fallacious. It is said, for example, both by Indians and by Europeans, that our civilization is materializing the Oriental, converting him from a contemplative being, absorbed in the things of the spirit, into a restless economic unit, bent on gain, busy with material things, a buyer, a seller, a producer of marketable wares. We have always been a little sceptical about this theory that the Oriental is so exclusively busied with spiritual things as this contrast would suggest. To-day, indeed, the Indian who has been to a technical school and thereafter has found employment in a new "Swadeshi" iron-works, is certainly busied with material things. What would he have done if he had continued to vegetate in his village? Taken to usury, perhaps, and grown rich by charging 150 per cent. on loans to farmers, who wanted to give a splendid wedding. Now this modern technician is clearly no more a materialist, no more absorbed in gain and earthly things, than the old-world usurer. Both of them may be "worldly," but the first is an honest producer of useful things, and the second a predatory parasite. There is a mental change, but it is not from spirituality to materialism. It may be objected that the exploiters are in every society the minority; the really spiritual persons were his victims. But it is seldom, if ever, his other-worldliness which causes the Indian cultivator to succumb to the usurer. He commonly falls to the temptation of eclipsing his neighbor by a lavish display of non-existent wealth at a wedding or a funeral, a peculiarly childish form of materialism. If he should take instead to spending his money on furniture and tools and food, he may become more "modern," but will he become more "material"? We suspect that economics have always dominated every human society, whether in the East or in the West. The change to-day in the East is from the economics of hoarding and usury, to the economics of large production and beneficial investment. It is not a spiritual decline, but it is an economic advance. We in the West are apt to be unduly critical of ourselves, which only means that our standards are high. We go out with our ironclads on an Imperial adventure, we mark out a concession area, and we proceed to exploit native labor in mills or mines. It is an ugly process, at which the moralist may well protest. But the Eastern Imperialist went out with elephants and spearmen, slaughtered half the population, and enslaved the rest as serfs on his estate. The process was rather more cruel, incomparably more wasteful, and vastly less productive. In point of materialism and spirituality, there was nothing to choose. The East is certainly being transformed, partly by our virtues, partly by our vices. It will learn new economic habits and aptitudes, but on the whole we doubt whether a man is appreciably further from heaven, because he invests his savings in a mill instead of burying them in the ground. Each is a materialist in his own way. The real spirituality of the East cannot be touched by this economic change. There will still be dervishes, and poets, and yogis. There will still be temples and tekés, and silent courts of prayer. Our mistake was the current tourists' fallacy. We took these things for the East, because they were what interested us. They were the simple protest of the spirit against the simple materialism of the artizan, the peasant, and the usurer. The mental power which made them will still react against the more productive but not more sordid materialism of the technician, the agricultural expert, and the capitalist. It is, luckily, easier to change the economics of a continent than to degrade the human

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COMING AGAIN.

It is the thrush that says so, and we know the source of his information. There is the sun continually striking a bolder arc so that every day some new field or hedge under the southern hill is gilded and warmed by his morning rays. If the thrush has the habit of preening his feathers on a particular tree, it is impossible that he should not note that twigs that were in gloom yesterday are lighted to-day. He can see, too, as well as we can, that the sun is higher above the hill than it was yesterday. Like the old Druids or the pre-Druids, he has the landscape for a sun-dial, and he sings out its readings to the world in general. We could almost fancy that yesterday he advised, "Put in your broad beans," and to-day he counsels the sowing of onions and carrots.

Better still than the sun, as a messenger of spring, is the south wind. That speaks even when the clouds that it brings hide the face of the sun. A head out of the window, on a day that we had not suspected of marvels, catches at once the song of the thrush and the spicy breath of the south wind:—

"Awake, O North Wind; and come thou South; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

There sits the thrush in his larch tree, where he and his ancestors have sat every year since the larch was big enough for a perch, and his song, of course, is "Summer is coming. Summer is coming. I know it, I know it, I know it."

Oh, yes, we know it as well as he does, when the full south wind blows and when the sun shines bright. Perhaps we know it all the time, when we look at the calendar on the wall. But he knows when the outdoor signs are by no means clear to us. Possibly, on a dull day of standstill or set-back he feels in the branch he clasps the work of yesterday's sun. Or he marks that the sycamore buds are more swollen every day, the grass greener, the yellow crocus bed shot with lordly purple. Some sense he has beyond our conception, for when the sun has gone down and a cold night is falling, he will tune up just as cheerily and sing just as confidently that "Summer is coming." At such a time we ourselves are in doubt about the matter. We have forgotten that there were warm hours during the day to warrant the belief. Has he a better memory and a better imagination, or can he read better the small print of the sunset that promises the very wise a fine day to-morrow?

Delightful as it is in itself, a warm day in the doubtful see-saw of March and April pleases us still more by its promise of exalted joys to come when the fight for summer shall be definitely ended. The first flower that blows is an earnest of the full tapestry of summer. As a cheque on the bank is a certain handful of gold, so the daffodil is a mass of universal blossom, blue and purple and red, with petal-winged butterflies, vibrant with the hum of bees, scented with earth's sweetest savors. From all the summers we have ever known, we call up the most perfect day, when we lay broad-backed near the crackling gorse and stared after the lark into the blue sky. We were not warm, not cold, but bathed in an ether that made us part of an everything, without grain or texture. It is not more certain that we did than that we shall, or at any rate that someone will, so that it seems to us, as to the thrush, that the perfect time is even now

The first shy house-hunting of a pair of blue tits shows that once more all the birds of the air will have their nests, whose eggs will yield gaping young. The nurseries will be amothered in tall flowers, where as yet only the grass is beginning to grow on mild days,

in May blossom that these leafless trees will put on, in mustard whose seed has not yet sprouted, in jungles almost unthinkable, even when the south wind blows. In the beech wood there is nothing but damp earth and rotting dead leaves. There will be clouds of scented woodruff and other flowers scarcely to be enumerated when they are present, and not half of them to be named now. In this bare place, where you could sow a dozen pins and recover them all, there was last year a white-throat's nest, a ball of feathers shrouded in straws and twigs, and so hidden in a riot of mercury, sanicle, catsear, wood-lettuce, honeysuckle, and what not, that it took us a week to find it. The white-throat that built it is now in Africa, but she will come again, and that marvellous little nursery will be there again.

The floods are out, or they have gone back, leaving a skin of mud laced with crystals of ice. Yet we can see a meadow gemmed with flowers that we have not the energy to pick on this blue hot day. The cattle cannot keep the grass down. (In sober truth they are eating oil-cake at £3 15s. a ton.) They do not graze by day; the sun is too hot. They go out by night and get a stomach-full, and all day they stand rib-deep in the winding pools of the river, chewing their thoughtful cud, glad to be out of the way of the fly, and to take the sun only in flecks through the billowy sycamores.

There is a field so full of moss that you would think it was not worth the fence round it. Just an occasional blade of grass peeps through the matted fernery, like long thrums in a carpet of green wool. There are staring round holes in bare patches of earth, where the voles live, so open to the eye of the kestrel that the little animals dare only feed at night, and then, alas, the owls have almost as good a chance against them. The south wind fills the field with grass a foot high, fills it so full of grass that it is a wonder how the orchids, and moon-daisies, and purple loosestrife, and rose-pink bistort can get through it and weave on the green their pattern of many colors. Not only the voles have a hiding-place, but the corn-crake rasps there all day long unseen, and the little foxes lie there wholly unsuspected.

Nothing talks so continually of summer as the blackcurrant bush. Go near it on any day of the year, and it will be whispering that summer is very good, and that it is coming again. The organ it speaks to is the nose, and that takes more subtle messages and is more easily convinced than any other. In turning a heap of weeds, the voice speaks from a lopped twig no more than two inches long. It steeps us in a bath of midsummer. The great ripe berries hang like bunches of grapes, and all through the hot day, the 'plaining blackbirds come to snatch their toll. By the same token, there go two of them up the path, one hump-backed and dragging stiff wings as he chases the other from his sphere of influence. The currant bush speaks to them too, and, before the blossoms have opened, sings "multiply without fear, for I am full of fruit."

The dreary pipe of a bee, seeking water for the hive's grubs, gives the soul another vignette of high summer. All day long, a crowd snows up the doorway, so that every moment it threatens to choke permanently, like a pipe that cannot carry the stream. Through the slow and heavily laden comers shoot out the light foragers, like the stream from a machine gun. Their yellow faces, gleaming as they take wing, show that they are returning to the hot field of wild mustard. The air in that direction is full of shooting and falling bees, full of the roar of a high-pressure traffic, summer humming at the top of its speed.

And now along Sunny Bank, every bennet seems to hold its marbled-white butterfly, and as we walk, the air is full of magnificent wings. Or the crimson knap-weed blossoms hold each of them three or four burnet moths, though the air also is full of them as they fly with buzzing underwings, or flame from one honey-feast to another. Or, on the parched chalk downs, the grass has turned into hordes of blue butterflies, or in the shade-tempered wood, the fritillaries dash to and fro, or soar uncountable into the blue sky. We wonder which of these vignettes, or whether any at all like them rise up before the mind of the thrush to make him sing with such confidence that summer is coming.

Short Studies.

WOMAN'S WAY.

A COUNTRY CONVERSATION.

THE doctor had called in the large closed motor lent by the Squire, and Mrs. Lay had walked down the garden path with the district nurse, quite unconscious of the onlookers, and had stepped into the car as requested. Then the chauffeur had turned and headed straight for the county asylum a dozen miles away. Mrs. Lay, a young and pretty wife of some eight months' standing, had seen her husband go off to the recruiting office without perceptible emotion; she had accompanied him to the station when he went to the training camp, and bade him good-bye tranquilly enough. But as soon as he had left the country on active service, she had ceased to speak, and took to walking up and down the little garden throughout the night. Special constables challenged and persuaded her, the real policeman sent his wife up to comfort and advise her, several people did what they could, all to no end. Mrs. Lay remained silent and sleepless; the doctor found that she was starving herself, too, and now in the early hours of a February morning, while the sun was shining brightly, young lambs were frisking in the meadows, birds were singing, and all the women in the little East Coast village seemed to have received an intimation of what was to happen, the girl wife was driven swiftly away.
"That's a sad thing to my thinkin'," said Mrs.

"That's a sad thing to my thinkin'," said Mrs. Mace, a stout lady with arms bare to the elbows, and a rather high complexion. "Whatever made her take on so? I don't think I'd ha' worritted myself outer me

wits f'r no Charley Lay."

"I didn't fret when my Bob went," said a still stouter speaker, who wore a large print overall, and had blue eyes and white teeth, and looked altogether like a doll that had been fed on Mr. Wells's Food of the Gods. "'Good luck, Bob,' I sez when I see him off, 'kill as many o' they Germans as you can, an' don't let none o' 'em kill you,' I sez, 'do; I'll never trust ye outer me sight agen, sure as your name's Partridge.' Lord,'' she continued blandly, "you should ha' heard him an' 'is mates laugh. Cheered 'em up like."

"They can 'ave mine, an' welcome.'' remarked Mrs.

"They can 'ave mine, an' welcome,' remarked Mrs. Soper, who is short and thin, and suggests the adjective acidulated, "as long as they want to keep 'im. I know 'e ain't in mischief while he's out furrin, and 'e didn't bring home no pound come Saturday night. 'E'd rather set in the 'Green Man' till 'e felt proper quarrelsome, an' then come an' snap me an' th' children if everythink wasn't jest so. 'E allus said Saturday night upset 'im. I 'adn't no fault to find with him at any other times, but come Saturdays an' Bank 'Olidays he'd ha' tried th' patience of a saint. I hope he'll get some Bank 'Olidays among them Germans. They'll know it."

Bank 'Olidays among them Germans. They'll know it.''

"I didn't want my George to go,'' said Mrs. Mace, firmly, "an' I kep' 'im back as long as I could. But soon as 'e began to read what them Germans was doin' to women an' children, the beasts, he up an' sez he must git along, an' I couldn't stop 'im. 'You ain't no soldier, George,' I sez. 'But I'll be one middlin' soon,' 'e sez, 'an' th' sooner th' better, f'r I don't howd

with all these gooin's on. If I see a man fightin' a man,' 'e sez, 'I leave 'em alone, let th' best 'un win. But if it's a man fightin' women an' babes,' 'e sez, 'I count them women an' babes want all th' men what'll come an' help 'em.' An I didn't 'ardly like to stop 'im arter that.''

"I wish the army 'd take my Matt,'' remarked Mrs. Dynes, whose husband is a poacher when he isn't loafing, and a loafer when he isn't poaching. "He'd be far better there than where he is now,'' a tactful allusion to the fact that Mr. Dynes was at the moment expiating in the country jail his inability to pay a fine. "Lord, what a rum thing it is," continued Mrs. Dynes, who is a clean cheerful woman, quite unlike what a poacher's wife might be expected to be, "there's poor Maude Lay gone off her head because her man ain't comin' back yet awhile, and I'm most off my head because they'll let mine out agen come Monday mornin'."

"I count Charley made too much of her," suggested Mrs. Partridge, "he were much older, and was allus waitin' on 'er. Then she 'adn't a mother of 'er own, only a stepmother, so she never hadn't had a home rightly speakin' till she married. She was allus nervous when his boat was out and that come on rough; you couldn't get her away from the waterside. An' he'd set at home with her like a child with a new toy. My Bob sez he never went near the 'Green Man' arter he married, an' he sang a good song, too. The lads was proper vexed."

proper vexed."

"Some women has luck," said Mrs. Dynes grimly.

"First week I married Matt he give me a black eye, time he was in liquor, an' said it was for luck, an' time I was laid aside with me first he was fined ten shillin' an' six shillin' costs. They did give 'im a week to pay, but we all went wery short, f'r there was snow on th' ground, an' coal was terrible high. But there' I'd rather put up with it all than go outer me mind. I 'spect we've all got a something to be grateful for if we did but know it," and with this wise reflection to console her, Mrs. Dynes left the group and moved briskly down the road.

"That's a piece for ye," interposed old Miss Pewter, whose brother keeps the general store. She is said to have a violent aversion from the male sex, and to possess certain strong views on the question of suffrage. "Upon my word, why women ever tie themselves up gets over me. There's poor Maude Lay might have lived well an' healthy, an' never known no trouble if she'd kep' th' men in their proper place. There's poor Ada Dynes puttin' up wi' one o' th' worst bits o' livin' rubbish in th' country. I never had but one man ast me to marry him, an' I no more to do but boxed 'is ears. Well, I must go get me brother his breakfast." And she left the conclave.

And she left the conclave.

"Arter all," said Mrs. Matthews, hitherto a silent onlooker, "we all got to put up wi' something. If that ain't one thing it's another. But there, I'd rather be in Maude Lay's place than in Ada Dynes's to-day. Nobody on't knock Maude about, an' she'll get good food an' coverin'."

coverin'.''
''It's a rum 'un,'' remarked Mrs. Partridge, her
doll-like expression contrasting oddly with her serious
tone.

tone.
"What's that?" said Mrs. Mace, and Mrs.
Matthews bent her head towards the speaker.

"My Bob went to Matt Dynes an' ast him to enlist, too. They was at school together, and Bob can't forget it. He most persuaded Matt, so that he went home an' told his wife he was goin'. Well, when Bob called, she was on her knees to him cryin' an' beggin' him not to go, t'r he was all she loved in this world. Matt were quite sober that day, an' he tried to persuade her, never swore nor nothin' Bob said, towd her she'd draw seventeen an' six a week, that they'd feed him well an' look arter him, but she wouldn't hear on't. She swore on th' Book she'd drown herself an' th' babies too if so be he left her."

be he left her."
"Women are rum things," remarked Mrs.

"I don't understand 'em, though I'm one of 'em meself, rightly speakin'," admitted Mrs. Mace.

As though by common consent, the little group broke up.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

The Brama.

A NEW WRITER.

"Wanderers." A Play in Three Acts, By C. K. Munro.
Produced at the Queen's Theatre.

Mrs. O'Brian			***		***	CLARE GREET
Took Mountoon						COWLEY WRIGHT
Lily O'Brian	***		***		000	THELMA GIDDINS
Mrs. Morrison	n.			400		GWYNNETH GALTON
Ralph Morris	on				***	KENNETH KENT
Rev. John Mo	rriso	n	***	***	***	ROBERT FARQUHARSON
Norah Hill	***		***	***	***	DOROTHY WARREN
Thomas						NIGEL PLAYFAIR
Miss Parks	***					AGNES THOMAS

It is, I suppose, hopeless to expect that a writer of promise should be praised by our critics for what he does rather than censured for what he fails to do. Mr. C. K. Munro is such a writer. He is, I understand, of Ireland and of Ulster; he is young, he has ideas, and he has a method of his own. I imagine that he has fallen under the influence of the Russians, and that if he has ever deliberately set up for himself a model in the art of writing for the stage, his master would be Tchekov. But it is clear that what Mr. Munro has learned has passed through his special temperament and been modified by it. Writers of the Russian school tend by their character and observation to deal with what one of them calls the "imperfections of life." Comedy is for them (as for most great writers) an ironic dealing with these "imperfections"; tragedy a serious or an entirely dispiriting view of them.

But their chief mental accelerations.

But their chief mental quality is a certain tendresse. They are in love not with one of their characters, but with all of them. When they resort to drama, this affectionate sympathy qualifies the form as well as the substance of their work. What interests them is not the brusque, mechanical development in which our playwrights excel, so much as the delicate nervous and spiritual interactions of their characters. Their drama, like Ibsen's, is interior; it must not be rushed or trimmed to suit a mechanical plan. Their method, for example, is different from Mr. Shaw's. Mr. Shaw is unconventional in ideas, but deliberately conventional in treatment. He takes the old mechanism of surprises, coincidences, opening and closing situations, and fits it in to his psychology. Russians like Tchekov are content to let situations seem to drift, while all along goes on the fine play of character and circumstance.

Mr. Munro's work is rather like this. But its fibre is coarser, as Belfast, one imagines, is coarser than Moscow. He is not sympathetically or tremulously aware of the miseries or joys of the refined temperament. But he is alive to the comedy of life, and he knows that if this is to be truthfully exhibited, some of the conventions of the drama must go. The development must be leisurely, not precise, like the Prussian goose-step. not imagine that he is a great writer, that epigram comes easily to him, or that he is at home in the expression of deep emotion. But just as Sir Willoughby Patterne could boast a "leg," so Mr. Munro has an eye. He sees the hard irony of things; and, being a cool hard writer himself, does not mind describing it. This is the note of "Wanderers." Who are the "wanderers"? There are the derers." Who are the "wanderers"? There are the lawless girl "wanderers," who live on the forest-outskirts of civilized homes, and capture the stray birds. There are the callow young male wanderers, who are captured and struggle in the net till they cease to flutter or are free. There are the home-birds, the tame, and in this cold, realistic view of them, the selfish, domesticated varietythe fathers and mothers who exercise no real care for their nurslings. There are the clever lady decoy-birds who bring the wanderers back again. Mr. Munro has no particular feeling for any of his types. He hardly conceives them as moral beings, borne hither and thither in the battle of emotion and sense. He paints them all in heavy, deliberate strokes, as if he were a cubist. But in

so far as he makes them live, and imparts to them a real, though a slow, dramatic movement, he deserves to be called an artist.

His Jack Morrison may be taken as an example of the personalities with whom Mr. Munro fills his stage. Quite what Jack Morrison's creator (I mean Mr. Munro) meant to do with him, or to make his audience think of him, I do not precisely know. His character is not thought out, or at least worked out, with any nicety or deliberation of thought. He is the unconventionally selfish son of a conventionally selfish parson, who, not understanding his son, or wanting in his heart to understand him, lets Jack go the way he pleases, while retaining the ideal of himself as a perfect father. Naturally, the son's frank explanations of the Rev. John Morrison's character, made before that gentleman's face, do not please, nor do the Rev. John's indignant retorts suggest that father and son have the slightest ground of common humanity between them. Both are selfish, and the two selfishnesses-the sanctified selfishness and the reprobate selfishness (with a touch of intellectual honesty and refinement)-cancel each other as far as these two beings are concerned. Then Mr. Munro, after his style, breaks off the duel of the father and son, and introduces to us another and quite separate engagement, the duel of sex. This, indeed, like a famous encounter of fiction, is a triangular contest. Two women contend for Jack—the soulless insensitive model with whom he lives, and the girl of his own set who has half-lost him, and means to recapture him by her accomplishments and her bodily and spiritual attraction. The model is a waif, without training and without mind, and is bound to lose to her rival, who has both. The young man is a brute, who will strike this girl when she has one of her recurring fits of "loving" him, but not such a brute as to surrender himself to what is obviously not his deliberately chosen way of living. An incidental and ironic interest in this conflict is supplied in a tea-party gathering at the Rev. John Morrison's, at which old maids discuss missions to outcasts. One of these ladies thinks that for wickedness there is no place like the East, while another insists that England can match the worst that the East can do.

What is best and what is worst? The author does not say. He passes no judgments. He may be said to exhibit in Jack Morrison a character whose chief virtue is honesty with itself, or in Lily O'Brian a type that desires only one career, and is not fine or enlightened enough to rise to any other. But it is his dramatic method which is interesting. His dialogue is singularly But it is his dramatic loose and unemphatic. It seems to be aiming at nothing in particular. But it is just significant enough to carry the listener with it, until, at a given moment, it reveals that its maker has his hand on the mechanism and has all along been aiming at an effect of nature. It is much as if one walked through our darkened streets, and came suddenly beneath an electric standard. But Mr. Munro does not force these revelations. For example, he only allows us to know that his "hero" has gone back to the life which suits his more refined self by an incidental remark of Lily's, who has sunk uncomplainingly to the level at which his abandonment was bound to leave her. Mr. Munro paints this degradation in a scene which is utterly repellent, and is also typical of the cool thoroughness of this young writer's observation. The play is without pleasantness. But it is the work of an indepen-H. W. M. dent spirit.

Letters from Abroad.

CHINA AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While Englishmen are being absorbed in this bloody European war, and while their interest is being detracted by sudden, unexpected news that may come at any time to report skirmishes and engagements on land and sea, the Chinese people, no less than you, are watching something that is vital to them. It is not their national politics that they take much interest in, for politics, understood in its English sense, has had

its death-blow, and the present régime of centralization, in spite of its many defects and evils that all regret, has so far, for the time being, unified China and made her a nation. The Machiavellian government and the personnels that constitute it are decidedly far from being desirable, yet they are less disastrous than the theorists and Utopians. Notwithstanding their shortcomings and the imprudent measures that they sometimes adopt, they have, on the whole, achieved; they have guided the ship of state and kept her from sinking. At present, at any rate, the Chinese are not over-anxious for their national politics.

The present war is a new revelation to China; it gives different impressions to different kinds of people. While walking, the other day, in a foreign settlement in a seaport town of North China, I overheard two laborers discussing with much intelligence the strength of the British Navy and the power of German guns. At the declaration of the war during last August, the news was spread with tremendous rapidity, and whether you were in a railway carriage or in a tea-room, the talk was nothing but the war. And a young student expressed to me his astonishment at finding that the educated democracy of Europe should be at war with one another; and instead of tracing the origin of the war in the development of international politics, he, true to his fervent religious enthusiasm, resorted to the interpretation of a Catholic priest, and said that either the warring parties had sinned or that they were purging the sins of others.

All this shows that the Chinese are now turning their eyes towards the world; they gradually acquire some knowledge about the world, and they are conscious of their position as a nation in this huge arena. But this is not what I meant by something that is vital to them. Indeed, they may be eager to know which party is righteous, or which party is going to gain the victory. As its consequence, they may from the two warring parties look for a guide and counsel; they may either take up Gladstone and J. S. Mill, or Bismarck and Treitschke. But this is not their most pressing problem.

What, then, is the most urgent question in China at the present time? It is her relation with her immediate neighbor, the island empire of Japan. It is not my business here to discuss Japan's home politics and her policy to avert ministerial crisis through foreign conquest. Nor am I concerned to explain her part in capturing Kiaochao and keeping the spoils for her exclusive use. The invasion of Kiaochao, an insignificant thing in comparison with the war that is being carried on in the West, is nevertheless of historical and worldwide interest; it brings out effects of international importance. It would take volumes to describe this very incident. What I propose to tell is only a sequel of the invasion.

That Kiaochao, being confronted by ever-increasing troops and fleets on land and sea, has at last, with its remaining number of civilians, capitulated, is not a remarkable thing. What has followed is really striking, and it has only now begun to appeal to the dull imagination of the Chinese. Kiaochao is now being put under a strict Japanese administration, the names of different streets and bridges being changed into Japanese, and, of course, the people other than Japanese being under surveillance. Multitudes of Japanese, with neither moral character nor manual skill, the usual followers of Japanese troops, now spread all over the Shangtung peninsula. They have done unmistakable mischief; they added misery to the people who have had the experience of the ruinous effects of the Japanese soldiers—the soldiers who fought for the territorial integrity of these poor country folk. English papers, too much engrossed in printing the despatches from the Front or in narrating the stories of the trenches, naturally found difficulty in inserting any news from the East, even though the news were available. Suffice it to be said that during the Japanese invasion of Kiaochao thousands of people drifted away homeless, tens of thousands were reduced to poverty and privation, and with the issue and compulsory use of military money notes, all the districts within the war area were affected with financial loss and trade stagna-

tion. Nay, more; there were claims of the Japanese commissariat for the supply of provisions. I may add that British troops were there, and all Chinese newspapers agreed in making the remark that they were upright and that they behaved remarkably well towards the countrymen.

But this is not all. When the war in the peninsula was over, and the Germans had been captured and Kiaochao taken over by the Japanese, the Chinese Government declared that the war territory, which was marked out to cover the movements of the Japanese and British troops, should now be set free. The Japanese press immediately called this an insult, and demanded apology from the Chinese Government. The Japanese Government, with great hauteur, actually demanded from the Chinese Government several privileges, none of which it is possible for an independent country to comply with. So far, the articles of their claim are vigilantly guarded and are not definitely known to the public, though they were published in Tokyo in an express edition, but were at once cancelled. At any rate, the bill is monstrously large and is concocted so as to make grounds for concession. A pourparler was held yesterday (February 2nd) between the Japanese Minister and the newly-appointed Chinese Foreign Minister, Mr. Lu-Cheng-Shiang, and no definite result seems to have been arrived at. In face of the fact that China is weak and poor, docile and untrained, the stronger will in some way, by some means, get what they covet.

I need not tell every detail that contributes to a culmination in the strained relations of China and Japan. There must have been a diplomatic imbroglio, Foreign Office instructions, the demand of the military party, and the like. If every sign of aggressiveness is found on the side of the Japanese, China herself is not free from abuses, and that is her weakness. Let it be understood that it is not only the Japanese Government that has been provocative. The Japanese press, too, has always been on very unfriendly terms with the Chinese, especially with the Chinese Government. It has been unsparing in criticism of the present Government, it levels its attacks on the person of the President, and it concocted news to weaken the Government and its relations with foreign Powers. That the Chinese can neither take sides with the Germans nor the British is evident, and yet the Japanese press stigmatized the Chinese as pro-German. Even at the time of the Tsingtao siege, the sympathy shown by certain Chinese indicates not so much that they are pro-German as their distrust of the Japanese. The Japanese press has been, on the whole, doing evil that provokes indignation and aggressiveness on one side and hatred and bitterness on the other.

At the time of writing, the problem, with all its enshrouding clouds, is pending. People whose vision does not extend to the East may notice it. It is not merely a question of the relations between the two countries, but one that undoubtedly involves the world at large. The Chinese may be slow, not adapted to organization; but repeated experience will teach them. If there is a lesson that the Chinese must soon learn—and probably many Chinese have learnt it already—it is not patience or endurance, the old cardinal virtues of the inactive Chinese, but the new gospel, "Might is Right." One wonders what will be the effect of this new gospel. Can this be the trend of the world's history?—Yours, &c.,

A CHINAMAN.

The Government University, Peking. February 3rd, 1915.

Letters to the Editor.

"GARBLED HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Nation is to be congratulated on its able exposure of the very gross travesty of history published under the auspices of the Independent Labor Party. After

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your article, further criticism may seem superfluous, but I may perhaps be allowed to draw attention to one convenient line of argument on which controversialists of this type Finding it difficult to justify German action in Belgium, they try to throw the whole blame for war upon Serbia. Realizing that Signor Giolitti's revelation regarding Austrian designs upon Serbia runs counter to the theory of Serbian guilt, the I.L.P. pamphleteer endeavors to explain away the facts by asserting that "the Orthodox Catholics, of whom Austria is the guardian, were told that they would either have to abjure their faith or suffer death. The threats were carried out." Who are these Orthodox Who are these Orthodox Catholics? He might as well talk of Moslem Buddhists or Episcopalian U.P.'s; his use of such a phrase shows that he does not know the A B C of the question. In some 7ague way he has evidently got hold of the incident of Father Palic, the Franciscan friar, who was shot as a spy by the Montenegrins. The incident was magnified by the Clerical press of Vienna into the martyrdom of 300 Catholics, but was soon reduced to its true proportions; and Montenegro was quite rightly forced to give satisfaction for an outrage such as was of almost daily occurrence last August in Belgium. But what is to be said of the honesty of a writer who palms off an incident which occurred in March, 1913, between Austria-Hungary and Montenegro, as an incident between Austria-Hungary and Serbia in the following August?

His reference to the insults levelled at the Austro-Hungarian Consul at Prizren is equally misleading. If he had even the most elementary knowledge of the facts, he would know that any apologist for Austria avoids the name of the Consul Prochaska as carefully as that of Dr. Friedjung. It is a notorious fact that Prochaska was in no way insulted or maltreated by the Serbs; and I am in a position to assert that, on the contrary, he had definite instructions to "make an incident" against Serbia, and that Austria's decision to drop the affair was due to Serbia's discovery of documents convicting Prochaska of intrigue against his Italian colleague in Northern Albania. Lest I should be accused of relying upon anti-Austrian sources, I may add that this information comes from Vienna, and from persons in the closest touch with the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, and with Prochaska himself. (To you, sir, I can quote confidentially my informants.)

In reality, however, these crass mistakes of actual fact are much less serious than his omissions. He boldly states that Serbian officers were implicated in the Serajevo murder, without even hinting that the only evidence is the secret inquiry conducted by the Bosnian police, after the anti-Serb pogrom at which it had connived. Common fairness ought to have led him to point out that Austria's case against Serbia was prepared by Count Forgacs, the Permanent Under-Secretary in the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Office, the very man to whom, as Austro-Hungarian Minister in Belgrade, was brought home the responsibility for the forged documents of the Friedjung trial, as having been concocted in his own Legation. Surely the I.L.P. might be excused from hesitating to accept evidence put forward by a man whom Professor Masaryk, one of the leading democrats in Europe, publicly branded in the Austrian Delegation as "Count Azev" (and the I.L.P. ought to know what that means).

It might also have been expected that a member of the I.L.P. would not have suppressed the important fact that Serbia offered to submit the charges levelled against her to the arbitration of The Hague, just as she had five years earlier offered to submit to the same tribunal the charges brought against her at the Friedjung trial. In both cases her proposal was rejected ab limine by Austria-Hungary.

This indictment could be continued almost indefinitely. Is it too much to hope that the more responsible leaders of the Independent Labor Party will insist on withdrawing a pamphlet which has already done infinite harm to their reputation as serious students of events?—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

March 24th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sm,—Is it quite candid of the author of the above able and detailed article in your last issue to relegate to the twi-

light of a parenthesis such a grave fact as the complete mobilization of Russia, and not even to mention that she was the first of the Great Powers to take this step against others of them, while negotiations were still going on? It is clear that during that fatal last week of July every Power was obsessed by fear of others, and especially by fear lest a march should be stolen upon them by quicker mobilization. Under these circumstances a terrible responsibility rested upon the one which took the first step in this direction and so cut short the delay which was the only hope of peace. I suspect that Sir Edward Grey greatly regretted this action on the part of Russia—see White Paper 103.

The root of the whole matter is, of course, the system of competitive armaments, founded on suspicion and fear, a system which would not keep the peace for long among the denizens of either a London court or a London square, even with the fear of the police before their eyes, and where every-body would quite honestly be able to give more or less plausible reasons that they were only defending themselves.

—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough, March 15th, 1915.
[The first mobilization was surely Austria's.—Ed., Nation.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-The thanks of everyone, including friends of the I.L.P., are due to you for your exposure of that ill-advised pamphlet. The foundational error of thinking that Austria's murdering of Serbia's sovereignty could be "localized" is unpardonable. Germany, Austria, Italy, everybody but some I.L.P. pundit, knew that such an attack on Serbia meant the extreme exasperation of Russia. Italy had refused to participate in it once before on that very ground, and refused to join in the war when it broke out, because it was aggressive on the part of the Teutons. The annexation of Bosnia showed the same thing, Russia passing that less affront when the Kaiser shook his "shining armor." shining armor." Austria's only mistake last July was in thinking that Russia did not want war and was not ready for it (White Paper, 71). The I.L.P. pamphleteers say that these things were "in our mind when coming to our conclusions." They deliberately They deliberately kept them from their followers who were to read what purported to be the ungarbled evidence of their case. One book for the priest and another for the common people.-Yours,

G. G. Desmond. Sheepscombe, Stroud, Glos., March 22nd, 1915.

THE WORKERS AND THE WAR. To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,-The meeting of Government representatives and the officials of the trade unions appears to have had very successful results. If men have to work excessive hours at enhanced pressure, it must have a tendency to produce disease and to shorten life. For this, it is right that the men should be paid. Further, if the cost of living goes up, it is right that wages should go up so as to meet this increase. And, as increased exertion causes more food to be eaten if the body is to be kept in an efficient condition, it is right that increased wages should be paid to meet the increased consumption. It is to the interest of the whole nation to recognize and accept the situation. Assuming that the men (in this term I include women) are securing, as they ought to do, in their increased wages, a sum to cover the increased risk of illness and earlier physical decay, it seems advisable that the union leaders and all interested in working-class welfare, should bring home to the workers the absolute necessity of not treating this part of their income as spendingmoney, but as money which should be steadily put by, and reserved for use on the arrival of the inevitable or period of distress.

Economic reasons, as well as patriotism, can be urged in favor of this course being pursued, in addition to the direct incentive mentioned above. Prices are regulated by the supply and demand. If working people spend all they earn, prices will keep high, and may go higher. If they save a proportion of their earnings; and, within reasonable bounds, the greater the saving, the greater the result, prices will go

down. Thus, the workers would get a secondary benefit as the reward of "abstinence," in lower prices. Again, the savings, in the total, would, or could, amount to a very large sum, and this would have a beneficial effect in supplying the additional capital so much needed by the nation, and would thereby tend to keep down the rate of interest.

The North of England has been noted for its organizing power. One minor feature of this organizing capacity has, for years, been the existence of holiday and saving clubs, which provide hundreds of thousands of pounds for the workpeople's annual holidays. If War Loan Reserve Funds could be started in a similar way, patriotism and enlightened self-interest could go hand in hand, and, I believe that this method would raise millions for the nation's requirements, while providing for the workers' welfare.—Yours, &c.,

BENJAMIN JONES.

March 24th, 1915.

THE TREATMENT OF SUBMARINE CREWS. To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—The question raised in your article on the treatment of submarine crews is of great importance, and requires to be thoroughly discussed. To hold that the servants of a State incur no personal responsibility for carrying out orders, however atrocious, given them by superior authority is too great a surrender to the rule of force. Reprisals are both useless and wrong in principle. However badly our enemy behaves we should keep our hands clean. But punishment fitting the crime, administered in a judicial manner, for breaches of well-established rules of war is another matter.

Those who desire an extension of the domain of law must direct their attention to bringing home personal responsibility to each individual for his own acts. How this can be practicably or justly done is a question of extreme difficulty. May I suggest, without dogmatizing, that some indication of the line of progress may be found by developing principles already in operation?

Under our own criminal law the order of a superior officer does not relieve the individual from liability for his own acts; though, of course, the fact of acting under orders is a circumstance to be considered. This may appear to put the soldier in an impossible position; since he is liable to be tried by the civil authority if he obeys an order, and by the military authority if he disobeys it. But, in practice, it causes no inconvenience, since, of course, only the person really responsible is put upon his trial; and the existence of the rule no doubt has a salutary effect in minimizing the occasions when the question arises.

Our experience, therefore, proves that to make the individual liable for his acts notwithstanding superior orders works well in practice. Now take the case of piracy. Professor Holland, of course, is perfectly right in pointing out that the essence of piracy is absence of authority from a But international conventions have been made whereby it has been agreed to treat slave-trading as piracy. The principle underlying that must be that slave-trading is such a disgrace to humanity that no State could conceivably authorize its servants to engage in it. The agreement amounts to this, that no person engaged in the slave trade should be allowed even to plead that he was acting under State authority; no State should be allowed to allege that anybody engaged in that trade was acting under its orders; and a fortiori no State which had entered into such a convention could do so. introduces into international relations the principle that for certain acts individuals will be made liable, and will not be allowed to plead that the acts were done in pursuance of superior orders, even if they did, in fact, emanate from a It would only be an extension of that principle to agree that if nations have entered into international conventions laying down rules for the conduct of war, neither they nor their subjects should be allowed to go back on such conventions any more than they can in the case of the slave trade.

Now, as to enforcing international rules. Again, the slave-trade conventions furnish a precedent. For the subjects of any State who are guilty of slave-trading can be punished as pirates by any State which chooses to do so.

Would it not be possible by international convention to agree that any individual who acted, with or without orders, in breach of specified rules of warfare as laid down by the Hague Conferences should be liable to be put upon his trial either in an international court or in the courts of any country a party to the convention in which he might be found?

This would provide a sanction for international rules, and would enable neutral countries more easily to assist in enforcing them.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD HERBERT.

The Athenseum, S.W., March 23rd, 1915.

THE WORK OF THE TRIPLE ENTENTE. To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir.—Is it, you suggest in your last issue, "conceivably possible to build up a United States of Europe on the wrecks of the Empires of to-day?" Whatever the issues of the war, let us not reject lightly the possibility implied in this suggestion that we may yet build anew. War in itself is nothing new. It is—alas! that we should have to admit it—a phase of life, a combat that is waged unceasingly. Only when the combatants become armed and mobilized do we sit up and rub our eyes. But that the Allies, by a gigantic combination of interests, energies, and resources, should unite to arrest the ultimate dissolution of Europe through the working of race antagonisms—here is a suggestion fraught with interest and hope.

I see that Andrew Carnegie regards the experiment as a perfectly feasible one, and Mr. Carnegie is not one of our financial "plungers," but a keen and far-sighted business man. The chief objection urged to such an international alliance-that of incompatibility-does not seem to me a valid one. I said to an intelligent Frenchwoman recently, "Do you feel that there is an affinity between France and Russia?" She replied: "We have this much in common a great thirst for liberty." If this be true-and we have little reason to doubt it-Russia will become in time as free as England or France. So far from the Western world falling under the sway of an Oriental despotism, Russia, they tell us, is herself likely to be crushed under the steamroller of our Western materialism. The Russian soldier has feasted his eyes on the opulence of German towns. He has seen these luxurious bourgeois homes with their carpets and hangings, their pianos and gramophones. The elk has tasted hay: he will no longer be content with the wild barren pasture of the steppes. And yet Russia brings us to-day that precious gift, idealism. And we-shall we lightly reject this offering? Why cannot we live together as a family, fulfilling each our own destiny, and yet loving and protecting one another? If it is true that Russia symbolizes pity, France, reason, and England, justice, then we should make haste to consolidate these virtues, for neither pity nor reason nor justice alone avail against the pitiless facts of life. Russia may not combine all the virtues—what nation does? But what nation, to-day, displays more conspicuous virtues? Let us not, like the little tailor in Tchekof's story, spoil the whole thing for the lack of faith.

It is this faith in ourselves and our ultimate destiny that has built up our fortunes in the United States. Our life is not always harmonious. No more bitter quarrel was ever waged than that which nearly rent the North and South asunder. To-day a new cleavage is discernible in the conflicting interests of the East and the West. In the East, again, is to be noted the struggle between the conservative forces of law and order and the radical forces that make for disintegration. And yet no one doubts that we shall compromise our differences and, somehow, learn to live together in peace and harmony. You may say that we are of one language and one faith. That is, in a measure, true, and yet many who come to us do not learn our language, and with their language they keep their faith. And how many that come relinquish, with their native tongue, the love for a fatherland on which they have unwillingly turned their That is a startling question which the war has raised. In the answer to this is involved another question-Are we as yet a nation, a race, or are we merely, ourselves, a United States of Europe? A race is a long time in the making. As an experiment in co-operation we are an undoubted success. Will the Allies be equal to the great task assigned them? This is the hour of expectations. The times are great, and great are our responsibilities. The present is no moment to falter and turn back. The past is behind us. The future, with its promise of a larger co-operation, beckons us on. Courage! And, as our old Germanophile friend, Carlyle, was fond of saying, Frisch zu.

When the Kaiser went to the front the Russian soldiers—so Mr. Stephen Graham tells us—were struck by the marvellous effect his presence inspired among the German troops. "He is more than a flag," they said; "he is a Tsar." Britain, it is true, has neither Emperor nor Tsar, and the flag, perhaps, is an outworn symbol. But the race from which I am proud to claim descent has something that is better than flag or Emperor or Tsar—a name. It has not failed her in the past; it will not fail her in the future—that name which, to-day, unites every loyal British heart in one passionate cry of love and devotion—England, my own!—Yours, &c.,

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

March 20th, 1915.

NATIVE LABOR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-Your "London Diarist," on March 13th, enumerates, among "grave difficulties" imminent in South Africa, "the rather rapid and alarming increase of black labor in the mines, and the tendency of the great capitalists to rely on it for skilled as well as unskilled work." From what point of view is this increase alarming? Surely, having regard to the shortage of white labor caused by the war (which, whatever may be the state of things in South Africa, would prevent the influx of miners from Europe), it cannot be meant that Europeans are being displaced in the labor market. The complaint has usually been that natives are unwilling to work in the mines, and demands have occasionally been formulated for various forms of compulsion. If the recent increase is a result of coercion, direct or indirect, it most certainly is a danger in every way. But is this what your contributor means? As for the employment of the native in skilled work, we cannot with any show of justice insist on confining him to the hewing of wood and drawing of water-and then (as is frequently done) declare him incapable of anything else. It has yet to be proved that there is not room in South Africa for everyone able and willing to do honest work, skilled or unskilled, for a fair wage. danger of a labor-market flooded with skilled natives is largely imaginary—like many other dangers. We need not be afraid, as the old proverb reminds, that the trees will grow into the sky. The bulk of the South African natives are essentially agriculturists. Left to their own choice, and with a fair chance given them, a certain number will always (as some do now) make their way into the skilled trades, and to some extent into the professions; and temporary employment at the mines is always the resource of those who want to make a little extra money to marry on, or for any other reason—perhaps to help a parent out of difficulties. But in the Bantu tribes are to be found all But in the Bantu tribes are to be found all the materials for a happy, contented, and law-abiding peasantry, and it is a strange infatuation that would think to secure a splendid future for the country by turning them into industrial wage-slaves. The Lands Act of 1913-or, at any rate, the way in which it has been administered—is a step in that direction. It is a significant fact that the chief promoters of that Act were to be found in the ranks of the rebels; and—rightly or wrongly—the natives believe that the "Back-veld Dutch," as a party, are hostile to them and their just claims.

Whether a desire to "have their own way with the natives" is an element in the discontent alluded to by your correspondent, I cannot say. It is very difficult to speak fairly of the relations between Dutch and natives (both of whom we have, at different times, and sometimes at the same time, treated with injustice), and the subject is too complicated to be treated here. But I have it on good native authority that at least one reform in native administration was contemplated by the Transvaal Government previous to the war of 1899, and I think it probable that in time

their remaining grievances might have been gradually removed by constitutional means.—Yours, &c.,

A. WERNER.

Newnham College, Cambridge, March 19th, 1915.

"A SHORT CUT TO UTOPIA." To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sin,—About eighteen months ago (I believe it was May, 1913), I read in your paper an article about the Kaweah Colony, under the title of "A Short Cut to Utopia." In this article it was stated that the failure of the enterprise was due to internal dissensions. I am now working with the former secretary of this colony; and I told him what I had read about it. He admits that there were troubles of this kind, but denies that they had anything to do with its final dissolution. This appears to have been due to a totally different cause, and was really the result of too great a

measure of success on their part.

After being told, in the first instance, that none but millionaires could possibly carry out what they had undertaken, they succeeded in building, without getting into debt, a road twenty-five miles in length through the mountains to their timbered lands, and were commencing to build their own railway when the existing railway interests interfered. This, he says, was the real cause of the trouble; and at the time the colony had been in existence for seven years, and had had a prosperous career. The United States troops were now sent down for no real cause, and the delivery of their mails was stopped, and finally the land was, by a special Act of Congress, converted into the "Sequoia National Park," and the costly road, which they made and have never been paid for, is still in use by the Government. account gives a very different impression to the one conveyed by your article, and which, I believe, is the one that most people hold. What undertaking could possibly succeed if subjected to treatment like this? I have submitted this letter to him before sending it on to you, and he will forward it on to you for publication if I have stated the facts correctly. I hope you will see fit to give it a place in your paper; more especially as he is now (although an old man) starting to build up a "Co-operative Colony" out here. I should like to write at much greater length, but am afraid should overstep your patience. I may say that he has still sworn statements in his possession giving his version of what took place.-Yours, &c.,

JOHN TWYCROSS.

125, Collins Street, Hobart, Tasmania. January 28th, 1915.

Poetry.

A. V. M.

[MARCH 14TH, 1915.]

But yesterday upon their training field
The two Battalions* strove in mimic war,
And you, full-back, the brunt of battle braved
Whilst we, the older, watched you from afar.
The old familiar Harrow game gave way
To Rugby's hurried strenuous give and take;
But here alike your motto was the same,
Not for yourself, but for "The Loyals" sake.

And then God gave you sterner games to play,
"Forty years on"—nay, scarcely forty days;
The whistle blows again, but changed the field;
No referee this mortal combat stays.
And you, with face toward the breaking dawn,
Have reached the goal, the soldier's fatal quest;
You played the game—nor lived nor died in vain:
"Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes their rest."

G. A. TAIT.

 ⁵th and 6th Battalions Loyal North Lancs. Regt.

The Morld of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:

"Deliverance: The Freeing of the Spirit in the Ancient World."
By H. E. Taylor. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)
"The System of National Finance." By E. Hilton Young.
(Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
"When Blood is their Argument: An Analysis of Prussian
Culture." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d net.)

and Lorraine from Cæsar to Kaiser." By Ruth Putnam.

(Putnam. 5s. net.)

"Aircraft in the Great War." By Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

"First Principles of Production." By J. Taylor Peddie. (Long-

mans. 5s. net.)

"Great Schools of Painting." By Winifred Turner. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)

"Alice and a Family." By St. John G. Ervine. (Maunsel. 6s.)

"The Chronicle of the Imp." By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson Low. 3a: 6d.)

I LEARN that Sir Edwin Pears is writing his reminiscences, and that the book will be published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins under the title of "Forty Years in Constan-It is certain to be a volume of unusual value and interest, for Sir Edwin Pears has no rival in his knowledge of men and affairs in the Near East. By his letters to the "Daily News" in 1876 he first made known to the British people the Moslem atrocities in Bulgaria which were denounced by Gladstone in his famous pamphlet, "The Bulgarian Horrors." As President of the European Bar in Constantinople, Sir Edwin Pears has met most of the distinguished men who have visited the city for well over a quarter of a century. At the beginning of the war he was placed under arrest by the Turkish authorities, but was promptly released on the representations of the American Ambassador. In addition to his intimate knowledge of the Balkan peoples and politics, Sir Edwin has made a close study of Greek and Byzantine history, and has written several volumes on these subjects.

One effect of the war on the world of books has received very little attention. This is the influence of the societies that have been formed in order to promote study and discussion of international problems. The Council for the Study of International Relations, about which information has already been published in The Nation, have issued lists of books for the use of their study groups, and these are certain to help the circulation of the books recom-mended. Another body which works on similar lines is the Society for International Right, of which the Secretary is Miss E. B. Abrahams, 47, Victoria Street, S.W. Its objects are to spread the belief that international relations are cooperative and not antagonistic, and that a just peace must respect the claims of nationality and must set up a tribunal which will settle future disputes.

Another influence of which the future literary historian will take note, is the interest now taken in all things Russian, and particularly in Russian literature. I am told that quite a number of Russian grammars have been commissioned by English publishers so as to meet the expected demand, and one hears a good deal of talk about the many untranslated masterpieces that will shortly be offered to English readers. An old masterpiece has been re-issued this week by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the shape of Gogol's "Dead Souls." We owe this fresh edition to the persuasion of Mr. Stephen Graham, who furnishes it with an introduction. Mr. Graham claims that "Dead Souls" is "the greatest humorous novel in the Russian language," and that it is more broadly humorous, more tender, more serious than "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," or "Tom Jones." Mr. Maurice Baring is almost as eulogistic in his excellent little book on "Russian Literature." He maintains that by writing "Dead Souls" Gogol created Russian realism, and he adds: "He is one of the great humorists of European literature, and whoever gives England a really fine translation of his work will do his country a service."

Books that have been burnt by their authors or the

surviving representatives of their authors, would form the theme of an informing if not very cheerful essay in the bypaths of literature. Gogol would provide some of the material, for he intended "Dead Souls" to be divided into three parts. He spent ten years working at the continuation of the book, and had completed the second part and sketched out the third, but he was so dissatisfied with the work that he burnt it before his death. In English literature the classical instance of such destruction is that of the solemn burning of the manuscript of Byron's "Memoirs" at Murray's house in Albemarle Street, varying accounts of which have been written by Moore and Lord Broughton. Sir Leslie Stephen and Lord John Russell, the latter of whom had read the manuscript, agree that the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of Byron's "Memoirs." Nevertheless most people will hold that such destruction is unjustifiable, even though there may have been reasons for not publishing the complete work.

WHILE I welcome the re-issue by Mr. Lane of Miss Alma Strettel's renderings of a selection from the "Poems of Emile Verhaeren," I regret that the publisher has not made it plainer that this is a new edition and not a new book. In a short sentence in the introductory note, it is true, Miss Strettel explains that her volume was first published some years ago. But there is nothing to indicate this on the title-page, and a librarian or bibliographer who did not read the introduction, could easily be led into the belief that this was a first edition. This is a small point in the ethics of publishing, but it deserves attention as it is often a cause of needless mistakes and irritation. In every other respect the book is as excellent in form as in contents. It contains a reproduction of Mr. Sargent's portrait of M. Verhaeren, and three fresh poems from "La Multiple Splendeur" have been added. Miss Strettel's translations are distinctly successful.

IRELAND'S contribution to English literature is a subject that is touched upon in Mr. Elliot O'Donnell's book, "The Irish Abroad," just published by the firm of Sir Isaac Pitman. The list of Irish writers in England during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries is a long one, and includes many authors whose names have survived their works. We find in it, for example, in addition to Steele, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and other masters of literature, Richard Flecknoe, the stalking-horse for Dryden's satire on Shadwell; those twin-brethren, Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, the compilers of the famous "New Version"; Henry Dodwell, the Non-Juror, whose "Chronology of Roman Authors and History" was praised by Gibbon; Philip Francis and Henry Boyd, each of whom has been credited with the authorship of "The Letters of Junius"; and Henry Brooke, the author of "The Fool of Quality," a novel which John Wesley thought "one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world," and for which Charles Kingsley wrote a eulogistic preface.

UNAFFECTED by the European commotion, "Everyman's Library" pursues its course, and the score of volumes recently issued brings the total up to 721. The most notable among the new additions are Dowden's "Life of Robert Browning" (first published in the Temple biographies in 1904), Mignet's "The French Revolution," with an introduction by Mr. L. Cecil Jane, Paine's "Rights of Man," Arthur Young's "Travels in France," Erckmann-Chatrian's "The Story of a Peasant," Dostoieffsky's "Poor Folk" and "The Gambler," and an "Anthology of British Historical Speeches and Orations," compiled by Mr. Ernest Rhys. This last volume is certainly comprehensive, for it begins with Ethelbert's address to St. Augustine and his companions on their mission to convert England to Christianity, and it closes with speeches on the present war by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Redmond. In a brief introduction the "Member for Barsetshire" asks, evidently expecting an affirmative answer, whether the day of great oratory did not pass with that of the great rhetorician. We now talk instead of making orations, and the natural, colloquial style of public speaking is not favorable to the production of a John Bright or a Charles Fox. Possibly America, which still retains something of the traditional form, will give us the next great English-speaking orator.

Reviews.

WHEN BLOOD IS THEIR ARGUMENT.

'When Blood is their Argument: An Analysis of Prussian Culture." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

"For how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument?" Under this Shakespearean blood is their argument?" Under this Shakespearean challenge Mr. Hueffer develops his bitter and, at times, passionate indictment of Prussian "Kultur." He is not He is not here in the least concerned with the proximate causes of the war. The course of the actual struggle—except for the dedication to two Belgian friends who "disappeared from the knowledge of the outer world on the third of August, 1914" -does not come within the survey of these pages. what he is giving his readers-with digressions, anecdotes, personal reminiscences, and a variety of illustration which often almost conceals the main argument-is an impeachment of a system with which he is very familiar—from which he and his people have suffered. Unlike so many authors who have rushed into print with chatter about Bernhardi and Nietzsche and Treitschke, Mr. Hueffer has intimate, direct, and personal knowledge of the subject about which he is writing. He has seen this formidable instrument—that Prussian "Kultur" which is a tyranny not of the body but of the soul-rolling over the culture and pleasant, tolerant life of the Germany in which he has lived and which he has loved. He has seen the stamping out of intellectual freedom, the destruction of responsible government, the creation of a State educational system in which pedantry has become a tyranny and the worship of a Prussian abstract State, a militarist nationalism, and an Absolute Monarch substituted for free thought and democratic ideals. He has seen and here records the extraordinary effect of this deliberate effort on the minds of a nation, intelligent, docile, and very fearful of that poverty which kept Germany in squalor and misery for three hundred years-the poverty created by continuous fighting amongst small independent States, and continuous invasion from powerful and relentless Empires outside. And the effect is revealed in a professoriate completely under the control of the State, interrupting lectures on Geology or Athanasius by proclamations of the duty of obedience to the Emperor, the greatness of Germany, the nobility of war: a people carrying on with intense bitterness a perpetual political campaign, almost as if in a perpetual General Election, having no kind of effect on a Government which is quite independent of any popular election; a people in consequence turned to materialism and purely commercial expansion—"by-products" and chemical industries—just because it has no possibility of free political life. And an education for the common masses—the "cannon-fodder"—which, as the Emperor himself demanded from the elementary school teachers, should have but two purposes--the turning out of good soldiers, and the destruction of social democracy

The formidable and terrifying nature of this "Kultur" rests just in this fact, that it has been enabled to harness great intelligence and industry to a system which in itself has meant the creation of an intellectual death; for Germany, since Prussian "Kultur" triumphed over it, has produced little of value to the soul of man. And having destroyed the Germany which paid its contribution in art and literature and criticism of life, it is now fighting, in Mr. Hueffer's vision, for the over-lordship of the world; the mere material possession of territory, but the far more dangerous triumph in the kingdom of ideas. For its winning of this war, even if, as in the promise of the German Chancellor, it annexed no French (or indeed other) territory, would none the less mean its domination of Europe, if not of the world; Europe would be "Prussianized" as some of the wildest of Prussian professors still anticipate, with a kind of pathetic enthusiasm. Every other nation would be compelled to assume a similar "Kultur"; a closely knit State organization, with professors teaching obedience to an Absolute Government of Militarist-Nationalist tendency, teaching also the nobility of fighting and the ignobleness of the ideals of peace. And the elementary teachers would be making good soldiers and eliminating social democracy. Whether this or some form of existence and government free,

liberal, and humane is to dominate Europe—that for Mr. Hueffer is the decision which is now being settled, amongst the burning cathedrals and the perishing of the old houses of Flanders and the "blood that is shed like a seal upon the scroll of the past," and all the intolerable ruin of war.

Mr. Hueffer traces the origin of the thing to the failure in Germany of the Revolution of 1848. Prussia suppressed its own revolution and Prussian troops suppressed the risings in the lesser States. And having thus turned its back upon freedom and constitutional government and the political ways of Western Europe, it proceeds to construct under the in-fluence of Bismarck and through the use of a compulsory military service a united Empire based on State domination. It promises its people prosperity as the price of the surrender of their souls: they accept the promise, having, indeed, no other choice; and for a time success and almost intoxicating material prosperity result. But then comes the inevitable sequence; for even material prosperity withers if a nation's soul has perished. And so Mr. Hueffer can show a twentieth-century Germany becoming ever more restless and unhappy; hordes of underpaid officials driven into discontent by inability to meet an ever-rising standard of comfort; 'Kultur' as a pedantry which continually preached the degeneracy of other nations, France and England eaten up with sloth, vice, and inefficiency, while they occupied great tracts of territory, the possession of which would give Germany the material wealth it required; the whole with "a madness of organization and a boastfulness that have become a danger to the whole world." He shows a country which "had grown just conscious enough of wealth to desire wealth in immense quantities; it desired wealth with such avidity that it abandoned all ideas of commercial morality; it desired to impress the world with the idea of the wealth that it did not possess to such an extent that bitterness and stress entered every household in Germany." Thus Mr. Hueffer sums up the condition which forced Europe into the greatest catastrophe of its recorded history.

"I cannot sufficiently emphasize to what an extent bitterness is the note of modern German life—of that modern German life whose only discoverable arts of importance are the bitter, rigorous, and obscene drawings of 'Simplicissimus,' the bitter and terrifying lyrics of the most modern German poets, and the incredibly filthy—the absolutely incredibly filthy—productions of the German variety stage. Imagine, then, this population whose cultured high lights are all products of malignity . . . this population without rest, without joy, without ease, and without any ceasing from the passion for money! Imagine, then, this population whose traditions of discipline are such that they can seriously style the military serfdom of a Teutonic Prince's Bankgenossen the highest ideal of liberty—imagine them preached to by officials, preached to by the entire State, by the entire professoriate, preached to incessantly, day in, day out, year in, year out, to the effect that the one means of getting rich is waging war. That was modern Germany until August 4th, 1914."

A country where it is impossible for any man to make the beginnings of a career before he is forty; a country where there is no belief in heaven and not much consideration of any verities beyond those of synthetic camphor; and a country where there is an incredible impatience to taste at once the flesh-pots of Egypt; that (according to this witness) is what Prussian "Kultur" and materialism since 1870 have made of the Germany which was once the home of idealism and the search after the things of the spirit. The Emperor he finds the centre of it all: the belief in the Emperor and belief in the triumph of just that materialistic egotism which he declares Prussia stands for. "Prussia is the Kulturmensch of the German States, and the Emperor is the Kulturmensch of the Prussian State. The business of the Prussian State as Kulturmensch is to lead Germany to commercial prosperity; the business of the Emperor as Kulturmensch is so to inspire the Prussian State that it shall lead the German nations to commercial prosperity." Under the influence of a centralized, educational machine, driven from above, Mr. Hueffer believes that the great majority of the German people honestly believed last August (perhaps bewilderingly believe to-day) that the French nation was so enfeebled as to be unable to offer any resistance to the legions of William II.; the English so sunk in sloth, decadence, and the love of comfort as to be incapable of armed resistance, or the power of commercial

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organization in war time; and the Russian Empire a horde of negligible and impoverished barbarians. In such a spirit we find a distinguished German professor, after the burning of the library at Louvain, offering, "under the auspices of Prussia," a technological library as more than ample recompense. Against such a spirit, and not merely whether French or German shall be spoken in Alsace and Lorraine, he believes this world war is being waged, and believes it to be worth the waging. And in the triumph of such a spirit he would emphatically agree with Sir Edward Grey's statement in his speech last Monday: "I would rather perish or leave the Continent altogether than live in it under such conditions."

All this impeachment is carried on by a man who knew and loved another Germany; and the book is illuminated by anecdotes, sketches, and reminiscences which show a land and a culture very far removed from that which Berlin and its rulers has made of a people now suffering so terribly for their obedience. The elements which were warring against that "Kultur," and might possibly, given time, have produced a civilization not only desirable in itself, but able to live in friendly intercourse with the civilizations of Western Europe, are not dealt with in these pages. Whether social democracy or any other uprising of the spirit of men in revolt against this intolerable militarist-nationalist materialistic ideal might have conquered without a European cataclysm, if that cataclysm could have been avoided for a time, is a problem which must for ever now remain conjectural. Nor does Mr. Hueffer here offer any suggestion of what may follow if this tremendous power can be overthrown; whether his other Germany might emerge from a nation torn to pieces in the blind, devoted service of false gods. To him the task was sufficient, here brilliantly accomplished, to expound amid so much misunderstanding the madness of the doctrines which have driven forward these millions into death and limitless destruction; to demonstrate that the Anglo-French line is holding back to-day, not only those hordes who compose the most efficient engine of warfare ever created by a nation; but a theory and practice of life and government which, if that line were broken, would render existence intolerable to all who cared for the future freedom of mankind.

C. F. G. M.

IN SILENCE.

"The Fellowship of Silence." By Various Writers. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible to read this book without sympathy. It is in the fellowship of silence, not in the dividing polemic of the press and the pulpit, that the "deep religious yearning" which, we have been told, is characteristic of our generation finds its best expression; in the tabernacle the strife of tongues is dumb. Of the five contributors to this little volume two are members of the Society of Friends, and three High Anglicans—or, as they would prefer to be designated, Catholics—showing marked affinities with the irregular forms of mysticism; healing, the development of latent psychic forces, in-breathing and the like. It may be said, without disparagement to the latter, that the Quakers—Dr. and Miss Hodgkin—strike the stronger note. They have a corporate tradition behind them, and are on their own ground. Their sense of proportion is marked:—

"There may be a form of silence as dead as the prayer-wheels of Tibet. Nor can it, in my opinion, ever be right that the worship of a Christian congregation should be habitually and entirely a silent one. Where that is the practice there must be something wrong in the spiritual state of the members. In my conception of the matter, Silent Worship is a beautiful still lake. It is studded with lovely islands, the vocal utterances of members of the congregation. In these islands grow the harvests of spiritual food; in them the forests of praise are waving; from them the fountains of prayer rise on high; but all are surrounded by the fair still water, and that water reflects in its surface the pure blue of the Eternal Heaven above."

It is a pleasant picture—that of the New Zealand country church where good men of various households of faith gather for silent worship. It began in a Friends' meeting, held at first in the vestry; later, by the bishop's willing consent, in the church itself. Under the larger skies of Greater Britain and of the East this seems natural. "The Chinese mind takes no interest in denominationalism," said the Chinese delegate at the Edinburgh Conference; and the Anglican Bishop of the Philippines, who, in old days, held aloof from the Wesleyans but now works with them, finds that "together we are rich; when I stood apart, I was poor." "Verily" (is Miss Hodgkin's comment), "as I say to myself all day long and every day, this is a saner world than ours at home."

The practice of silent worship is one of long standing. It survives in the solemn pause during the reading of the Passion in Holy Week; and in the "silence kept for a space" in the English Ordination Service; it has been employed with effect in the Form of Intercession set forth by authority for use during the present war. Akin to, though not identical with, it is the exercise of meditation, or mental prayer, common among Catholics; the custom of paying "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," and that of assisting, without following the liturgy in detail, at Mass and the other public offices of the Church. It is an excellent and useful practice, giving the worshipper a freedom for which little room is left by the formality of Protestant worship, liturgical or non-liturgical. In the one case initiative is repressed by a book, in the other by the one-man ministry; a greater spontaneity is required. But, omne ignotum pro magnifico. The traditional danger of the Friends' meeting, Dr. Hodgkin reminds us, is drowsiness; and the same may be said of the mental prayer recommended by Catholic directors. A Jesuit of the writer's acquaintance used to say that, while the good Fathers of the Society were unanimous in extolling the virtues of meditation for those who could practise it, they were scarcely less unanimous in admitting that they themselves could not; and that a considerable amount of slumber encroached upon the time allotted by the Rule to mental prayer. It is probable that, as the power of silence lies in its spontaneity, systematizing is dangerous. In general, this practice of the presence of God is characteristic of "advanced" Christians; hence its prominence in Quakerism, which is the religion of a spiritual dite. But, though we could ill dispense with Quakerism, the Church is larger—the "sheet let down by four corners upon the earth, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth and fowls of the heaven."

And while we may, and should, learn from our neighbors, the "Qui fit Mæcenas?" of the satirist finds a curious echo in the restless religious world of to-day. Something, we all feel, is wanting; and we look for it in the unaccustomed. The Anglican takes up with the Mass, the Catholic with vernacular devotions, the Nonconformist coquets with ritual, the Churchman with revivalism, the preacher with silence, the missioner with healings. "Laudet diversa sequentes." Yet Mass may become as conventional as Mattins, English as dead as Latin, ritual may degenerate into dumb show, revivalism into hysteria, healing into illusion, silence into sleep. The rite is nothing, the spirit which animates it everything; and this takes many and various forms. Silence is one of these; and it is good that we should be reminded of it; but it is neither the only one, nor the chief.

of it; but it is neither the only one, nor the chief.

A less pleasing feature of the book is the chapter on Healing. There is no subject on which more, or more mischievous, nonsense is talked in pseudo-mystical circles. There are probably few physicians whose personal experience does not cover much that they can neither fully account for nor fully explain. This shows that medicine is not an exact science, and has not reached an exhaustive knowledge of its subject matter. The most incredulous scientist will not demur to this; in particular, the limits of heredity, the pathology of the brain, the nature and extent of nerve affections, the inter-relation of what are loosely known as physical and psychical conditions—these and kindred departments of physiology and therapeutics have been as yet inadequately explored. But to identify the lacunæ of science with the domain of faith is charlatanism; and, from the point of view of religion, charlatanism of a peculiarly mischievous sort. For, on this supposition, as the former are filled up the latter is narrowed; the completion of knowledge would be the extinction of God. Since the characteristically half-hearted recognition given, under pressure, by the Lambeth Conference to the "healers"-

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"Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ, Mendici, mimæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne—"

there has been a notable increase of folly and fraud of this kind among the uneducated rich. Judge-made is to be preferred to Bishop-made Law. It is as illegal for a faithhealer as for a fortune-teller to ply his fraudulent trade for him.

The emphasis laid on the sacramental note in the editor's essays will seem to many members of his own Church exaggerated and even unwholesome. Sacraments are one With Mr. thing; Sacramentalism is another. Dearmer's chapter, "Outward Signs and Inward Light," we are in substantial agreement; its temper is reasonable, historical, and sane. But when we read that after a mission given by Mr. Hepher at Havelock, New Zealand, "every single Theosophist in the village signed a request, with a promise of personal attendance, for the Eucharist to be celebrated in future on week-days," and that "their leader told Mr. Hepher that he had never felt the vibrations of the Divine Presence-that was his phrase-so powerfully as at the daily Eucharist which he attended in our Mission," we From one point of view the associations of the Sacraments of the Gospel with the mystification of the late Madame Blavatsky jars-the strength of the chain is at its weakest point; from another, while the Eucharist is a means of grace, it is not the only one; and to think of it as the first or greatest is to introduce a note of division where there should be unity. It is a form of prayer, but it is one of many such forms. And which is adopted is a matter of secondary moment; what is central is not the form, but the spirit which underlies it. The slope of materialism in religion is slippery. From the essential sacrament to the priest is but a step; from the priest to the hierarchy, from the hierarchy to the theocracy; and, though these conceptions have ceased to be a danger to society as such, they still influence the half-educated, and, through them, retard the advance of mankind. But to retard is not to arrest; and it is to be regretted that earnest men should associate religion with an attempt which will miscarry and may well involve interests larger than its own in its fall.

HOLBERG IN ENGLISH.

"Comedies by Holberg: Jeppe of the Hill, The Political Tinker, Erasmus Montanus." Translated from the Danish by Oscar James Campbell and Frederic Schenck. (New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation. London: Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.)

Two HUNDRED AND NINE years ago, on April 18th, 1706, "Ludovicus Holbergius, Norvegus," entered his name on the register of readers at the Bodleian Library. He was a little over twenty, and had just taken his degree at the University of Copenhagen. He remained in England about two years, and thereafter he travelled extensively in France, Germany. and Italy, for the most part on foot. In 1717 he Germany, and Italy, for the most part on foot. became a professor in Copenhagen, and presently rose to fame as the author of a mock-heroic poem, "Peder Paars. There was at this time no Danish drama; but when, in 1721, some enthusiasts determined to establish a Danish Theatre, Professor Holberg set to work, and, by the time the theatre opened a few months later, had five comedies ready for production. Before 1730, when a pietistic king put a temporary stop to play-acting, he had produced twenty-six comedies, and had thus laid the foundation, not only of modern Danish literature, but of the Royal Theatre, which is still one of the best in Europe. It is unquestionably the existence of this national theatre that has given Danish-Norwegian literature so strong a bent in the direction of Holberg paved the way for his countrymen, Björnson and Ibsen, the latter of whom, at any rate, repaid his debt in warm admiration.

At last, after well-nigh two centuries, a serious attempt has been made to reproduce in English some of Holberg's best work. Messrs. Campbell and Schenck, to whom we are indebted for this praiseworthy rendering of "Jeppe paa Bjerget," "Den Politiske Kandestöber," and "Erasmus Montanus," are to all intents and purposes pioneers in a virgin field. It is true that some ninety years ago a version of a trifling farce, "The Much-Talking Barber," appeared in

a long-forgotten miscellany called "The Odd Volume": and, in 1912, a translation of three unimportant comedies was published by a gentleman whose knowledge of Danish unfortunately left much to be desired. From these inadequate translations of four minor plays the English reader could learn nothing to the purpose about Holberg, and may have been disposed to regard with a certain scepticism his claim to sit at the right hand of Molière among the masters of comedy. I am not quite sure that even the labors of Messrs. Campbell and Schenck will entirely silence that scepticism; for the reason Holberg has remained so long untranslated is simply that he almost defies the translator's best skill. I know of no similar problem in literature. All his best work is in simple, downright, racy prose; it would seem at first sight that nothing could be easier to translate; and yet, when you make the attempt, the charm, the aroma, instantly vanish, and the more you love the master, the more you shrink from presenting him in the travesty of an uncongenial idiom. It may help the reader to realize this difficulty if he will try to imagine what he would make of Molière if he could only read him in English. Yet (the question of verse apart) Molière loses less in translation than

One of the present translators, Dr. Campbell, has already won his spurs as a Holberg scholar by producing, in the "Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature," an excellent historico-critical examination of the comedies. He does not agree with the Norwegian critic, Olsvig, who holds that Holberg deliberately disguised his indebtedness to English literature and philosophy, because English influences would not have been favorably regarded in "autocracy-cowed" Denmark. As a matter of fact, Holberg seems to have brought away from England a great deal of spiritual enlightenment, but no taint of Whiggism in politics, and much less any democratical leanings. "The Pewterer Politician," which Dr. Campbell shows to have been suggested by a paper in the "Tatler" (No. 155), is a satire upon the ridiculous idea that a mere artisan can possess any political sagacity, or can reasonably claim the slightest share in the government of his city. "Jeppe of the Hill," one of the countless rehandlings of the Abon-Hassan or Christopher-Sly motive, presents a pathetically realistic picture of the brutalized peasant-serf of eighteenth-century Denmark; but Holberg, instead of reproving the cruelty of the nobleman who plays a heartless practical joke upon his serf, draws the moral that we must not "permit the base-born yokel untutored sway to urge." As if anyone ever imagined that a drunken peasant, suddenly elevated to despotic power, would conduct himself with perfect wisdom! We might be tempted to believe that Holberg was here purposely dissembling the aim of his satire, were it not that we have in Shakespeare a more conspicuous example of political short-sightedness

Holberg, so far as I am aware, never mentions Shakespeare, and there is no clear evidence that he was acquainted with any of his works. Ben Jonson, doubtless a more congenial spirit, he does mention in passing. He also speaks of Congreve's "Way of the World," and Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer," from which, indeed, he borrowed the concluding incident in "Erasmus Montanus." But he tells us that, when he thought of translating some English comedies for the Danish theatre, he found them deficient in that "festivitas," that joyousness or buoyancy, which he regarded as the very essence of comedy. The strongest English influence upon his work as a playwright came, not from the English theatre, but from the "Tatler" and "Spectator." There is some slight reason for thinking that he had known personally either Addison or Steele; and though "The Pewterer Politician" is, perhaps, the only unmistakable instance of direct borrowing, his whole method of satirical character-study constantly reminds us of the English essayists.

rhat he drew his main inspiration from Molière there is no doubt; but he was far indeed from being a mere imitator. The difference between the two writers is hard to express with any brevity. One might, perhaps, call Holberg a bourgeois Molière, were it not that Molière himself, despite his relations with the Court, was essentially a bourgeois writer. A provincial Molière might be nearer the mark; for Holberg's Copenhagen was a very provincial town, as compared with Paris, and in some of his best work,

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The Ordinary General Meeting of this company was held on the 25th inst. at the rooms of the Institute of Directors, 4, Corbet Court, Mr. F. Handel Booth, M.P. (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—Gentlemen, it is a great pleasure to meet you once more at our annual meeting, and to present to you the accounts for the year 1914. It has been, as you will have observed from the balance-sheet, by far the most prosperous year that the company has ever enjoyed.

During the latter part of the year your board had negotiations with the directors of the North-Western Insurance Company (Limited) for amalgamation. These negotiations were eventually terminated in arrangements being made between the two companies, which I have no doubt will be of great advantage to the shareholders of each. The subscribed capital of the British Dominions General Insurance Company (Limited) now amounts to £580,000, of which £345,000 is paid up, and the total reserves exceed £525,000. The company's financial position is therefore exceedingly strong. The paid-up capital is one of the largest in existence. Your directors were fortunate in retaining the services of the directors of the North-Western Insurance Company (Limited), who are gentlemen exceptionally well known in their own localities, and able to control a considerable amount of insurance business. Your board feel they have been very fortunate in securing the influence of these gentlemen. I am also pleased to inform you that during the year Mr. Thomas Richards, a gentleman who has large commercial influences, and who has been one of our large shareholders for many years, has consented to become a member of the City of London board. Mr. S. A. Bennett, who was general manager for some years of the North-Western Insurance Company, and is well-known as a successful fire underwriter, has accepted the position of fire manager of our company.

Turning to the figures, you will find, if you look at the

was general manager for some years of the North-Western Insurance Company, and is well-known as a successful fire underwriter, has accepted the position of fire manager of our company.

Turning to the figures, you will find, if you look at the marine revenue account, that the previous year. The balance at the end of the year was, in round figures, £98,000 more than in 1914. I think you will agree with me that this is a very remarkable result. It has enabled your directors to add £70,000 to the special reserve fund, which now stands at £100,000, and after making provision for the depreciation in investments, to carry forward a credit balance of £281,738. In the fire and general revenue account, the figures of the North-Western Insurance Company (Limited) are incorporated, which accounts for the large increase in same, and the present figures can therefore not be compared with our figures of 1913, but on an income of £206,000, after making full provision for all claims intimated, and which have not yet been presented, and after providing for depreciation in investments, the balance carried forward is £87,306, which in the opinion of your board is more than sufficient for the requirements of the account.

You will see from the balance-sheet that our investments have increased during the year from £372,123 to £603,921; our cash at bankers from £82,503 to £133,269, and our total assets from £560,077 to £872,111, the increases being £231,798, £50,766, and £312,034 respectively, which, I think you will agree with me, is a magnificent result. The company has now reached that happy position by which the dividends are more than provided for from interest received from investments. This will enable the directors to add to the reserve fund each year, and as the additions are invested the interest earned will automatically increase. Consequently, the dividend on the shares should rise. Following our previous custom, a total list of all the investments is given at the end of the balance-sheet, and you will see that these are

Mr. A. G. Mackenzie seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

After formal business had been transacted, Mr. E. M. Mountain said:—I should like to say, as I have done in previous years, that the success which this company has enjoyed during the last year is not only brought about by the hard work and good judgment of the various managers of our different departments at home and our various managers and chief agents abroad, but is also owing to the hard work and esprit de corps of the whole staff. Our chairman has given us such a clear account of the figures that there is nothing for me to say on that subject. I can, however, give you a general outline of what has happened during the year in the insurance market. Turning to marine insurance, during the early part of the year, prior to the war, there was a decided inclination towards a reduction in the premiums on hull insurances, which constitutes a very large part of the business in the market. We felt that lower premiums were not justified, and in consequence we reduced our account in this branch. Since war broke out, as you will have observed, there has been frequent trouble with regard to labor, and in consequence, especially in the shipbuilding and repairing world, the cost of labor has greatly increased; also, as a direct result of the war, the cost of malerials has risen enormously. For instance, ship plates, which in August were at £6 a ton, are now £9. It is apparent, therefore, that the cost of repairs will be enormously increased, and it is estimated at the present moment that the increased cost of repairs to vessels is somewhere in the neighborhood of 40 per

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as, for instance, in "Jeppe" and "Erasmus Montanus," he went forth for his material to the village and the homestead. Holberg was not so great an artist, he was not so fine a spirit, as Molière; but he had a richness of humor and a sheer delightfulness that were all his own. If-to apply the old test-I had to make choice between Holberg and Molière as my sole literature on a desert island, I should unhesitatingly choose Holberg, as being the more constantly companionable.

The three plays in this volume are certainly the most famous and representative of Holberg's works, though there are half-a-dozen others which stand on pretty much the same level of merit. Most critics, and George Brandes among them, are inclined to place "Erasmus Montanus" at the very top of the list; but this judgment is something less than self-evident. It is a little difficult to forgive Holberg for loading the dice against a character who is in essence a champion of enlightenment against obscurantism. No doubt there was a great deal of scholastic pedantry in the university training of the time; but it ought to have been possible to admit and illustrate this fact, without making the student who returns to his native village a monster of arrogant inanity, and giving all the common sense and right feeling to the rustics who hold it blasphemous to doubt that the earth Perhaps the poet felt that there was no middle course between making a butt of Montanus and showing him as an essentially tragic figure, which would have been a sin against his principle of "festivitas." He may have been an unwilling victim of the fatality which so often drives comedy into the reactionary camp. For an analogous case, we have only to turn to "Les Femmes Savantes." Be this as it may, "Erasmus Montanus" would be more enjoyable if we did not feel that the author was somewhat gratuitously fouling his own nest.

The translators have no doubt done wisely in adopting a quite straightforward style, and not attempting to reproduce the old-world rococo flavor of Holberg's Danish. Their accuracy is generally above reproach. It is a small matter, but they are surely wrong in rendering Jeppe's favorite word "Carnali" by "carrion." "Caronie" is "carrion"; "Carnali" I take to be a corruption of "canaille." Though not positively wrong, their rendering of "Den Politiske Kandestöber" as "The Political Tinker," is distinctly un-"Tinker," on this side of the Atlantic at any fortunate. rate, implies a wandering kettle-mender, often with a dash of the gipsy-in short, a Christopher Sly. Holberg's hero, on the other hand, is a substantial craftsman; so that a literal translation of the title would be "The Political Tin-smith." Much better, however, and scarcely less exact, is Much better, however, and scarcely less exact, is "The Pewterer Politician."

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THERE is a great difference between the novel that ventures into the open sea of public criticism under its own canvas and the novel that is convoyed by historical documents. The first does at any rate sink or swim-we will not say on its own merits-but according to the degree of appreciation it receives. If it be condemned (not by the critics, but by the public), down it goes. It has no refuge, no escape. different is the fate of the historical romance! It has a warranty to do what it likes. If the author wants to let himself go, then he picks the most adventurous chronicle he can find. There are thousands of chronicles which outvie the most feverish of romances, partly because history itself is full of miracles, and partly because the chronicler is as prone to credulity and inventiveness as the rest of humanity. And the romanticist who pins his narrative to a document, has still further advantages. He can take liberties, not only with life, but with his original. His critic or his reader has probably never heard of that original, and so accepts the novelist's interpretation of it without question. And his very natural awe of anything so

remote as an historical document will be a further induce-

ment to leave the novelist capering at his ease.

And so with Mr. Sabatini. His "Sea-Hawk" is a Cornish landowner-Sir Oliver Tressilian-who, his purse well lined after a career of successful piracies with Drake, is disposed to settle down on his estates and marry Rosamund, the ward of his enemies. But his half-brother, Lionel, kills one of the enemies, has Oliver kidnapped for the Slave Plantations by taking advantage of Oliver's generosity in shielding him, and, by transferring the blame, ultimately induces Rosamund to become affianced to him. Meanwhile, Oliver has the most terrific adventures. He is six months in a galley and becomes a Moslem and a Barbary corsair-captain, second only in rapine to the Basha of Algiers. He hovers continually between unlimited power and utter disaster. He even abducts Rosamund and Lionel, and then, out of sheer altruism, delivers them and himself up to Sir John Killigrew, his enemy, who was not in two minds about hanging him. But Rosamund, who realizes that hate is akin to love, and that, if Oliver was a rapscallion, Lionel was a poltroon, descends upon the judges clothed in the eloquence of Portia and casts the oil of reconciliation upon the troubled career of her knight. Thus the Odyssey of our enterprising Oliver. Of course, we have nothing to say. How could we? Is it not all written in the annals of Lord Henry Goade, Elizabeth's Lieutenant of Cornwall ("History of Lord Henry Goade: His Own Times")? We have vigorating and take a morbid interest in the kaleidoscopic sensations he provides, we can put it down, not to a depraved taste in histrionics, but to a legitimate, an antiquarian attachment to the history of Lord Henry Goade.

For her study of Bismarck and the Franco-Prussian War, "Richard Dehan" tells us that she read a number of old newspapers. We would not dream of suggesting that these were the only sources of information she consulted. There is the But her novel reads uncommonly like it. journalese for one thing. There is Bismarck, the Man of Stucco, who talks like a husky gramophone record. is Moltke, who does his best to look like a vulture. is the heroine, who, like the serpent, can both hiss and bewitch. There is the hero, who plays a Charles Lever steward in the "great game." And there are 815 pages of fevered authorship. "But," "Richard Dehan" might say, "the newspaper records are dull enough." Then why exploit them, why amplify them, why glorify them? As for the war itself a single Mannasant short story gives us. the war itself, a single Maupassant short story gives us a better insight into it than all the voluminous effort of "The Man of Iron."

Mr. Trevena's eighteenth-century fantasy is "founded in part upon Cornish folk-lore."/ Its plot is rather indefinite and fringed with irrelevant embroideries. Its psychology takes refuge in types, and is decidedly old-fashioned. The narrative twists about disconcertingly, like a doubling hare. For all that, it is an original book, with a freshness and distinction of its own. The best thing in it is the portrait of Elizabeth Just, a real Rosalind of Arden. Nowadays. our Rosalinds usually go on to the platform; in the eighteenth century they were called Sophonisba, and languished in refined glades, surrounded by a chorus of "warblers." But Elizabeth is no Dresden shepherdess, but a maiden transplanted straight from the Renaissance. The singular thing is that though Mr. Trevena has not modelled Elizabeth according to "Spectator" authority, he has succeeded, not only in making her an attractive figure, but in not allowing her to fall out too obviously with her environment.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Famous Land Fights." By A. H. ATTERIDGE. (Methuen, 6s. net.)

THERE is one point in this book, irrelevant to Mr. Atteridge's task, which is devoted to tracing the development of armaments and tactics from primitive to modern

cent. What it may be before the war is over it is impossible to estimate, but it is much more likely to increase than to decrease. Moreover, the shipbuilding yards are so busy that it is extremely difficult to get tenders for repairs, and there is not the competition which is so necessary in order to keep prices down and which is usual in normal times.

In view of this, an agreement was come to by underwriters by which they should ask for a minimum rise on the renewal of all hull insurances of either 20 per cent. in the value, or a 10 per cent. increase in the value and a 10 per cent. increase in the premium. This rise is roughly equivalent to about 15 per cent. rise in premium. It is a very moderate one, and it is not at all sufficient to meet the increased cost which underwriters will have to bear. At the same time, it was only intended to be a minimum rise, and to apply to those owners who had shown the best results in the past. Since the agreement was made, there has been no difficulty in obtaining this rise, shipowners as a body fully realizing the necessity for same and the justice of it. Owing to the war, underwriters are also faced with the enhanced dangers of extinguished lights, and also with the enhanced dangers of extinguished lights, and also with the scarcity of the usual salvage appliances and tugs which assist vessels when they get into distress, many of these having been commandeered by the Government. To meet these enhanced hazards there has also been an increase in the premium on all cargo insurances. Whether this increase will be amficient to cover the cover t

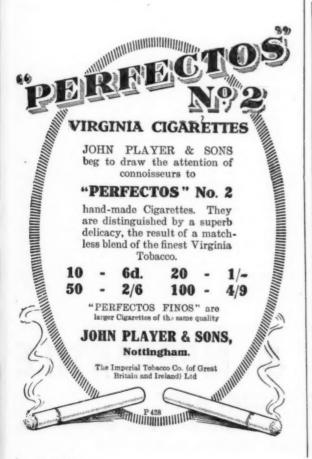
salvage appliances and tugs which assist vessels when they get into distress, many of these having been commandeered by the Government. To meet these enhanced hazards there has also been an increase in the premium on all cargo insurances. Whether this increase will be sufficient to cover the increased claims that are likely to accrue, time alone will show; but, at any rate, in the opinion of all competent authorities, the increases are very much on the moderate side.

With regard to fire business, as our chairman has told you, we have now amalgamated with the North-Western Insurance Company, which company has been established and has built up a very sound and excellent fire business. I think the combined businesses of the two companies will enable this department to show very excellent results in future years. All other departments are developing on lines which are quite satisfactory and sound. Whilst, of course, it is not possible to hope that we shall always have years in the future as good as the present one, at the same time I may state that the results so far of the first quarter of this year are good in every way, and I think we may have every confidence in anticipating continued future progress. Mr. Mountain concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, and spoke in the highest terms of the services Mr. Booth had rendered to the company. Booth had rendered to the company.

Mr. John Lion seconded, and the motion was carried with

enthusiasm.

The Chairman having briefly responded, the proceedings



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The Daily News

CONTAINS THE

MOST BRILLIANT LITERARY PAGE IN THE DAILY PRESS.

Among those who have contributed signed reviews during the past year are:

H. G. Wells E. M. Forster James Stephens H. W. Nevinson Jane Harrison William Archer Cicely Hamilton Rt. Hon, G. W. E. Russell Evelyn Underhill T. R. Glover A. G. Gardiner Ethel Colburn Mayne

W. L. George Thomas Seccombe R. Ellis Roberts Philip Guedalla **Edward Thomas** A. W. Evans J. C. Squire Rebecca West Richard Whiteing H. M. Tomlinson Olive Heseltine Robert Lynd

THE PAPER FOR BOOKLOVERS

warfare, but relevant to the significance of war. That point is the ingenuity which has been lavished in successive ages upon the perfecting of destructive weapons. If only a fraction of this tremendous energy and initiative had been directed to generously civic and philanthropic ends, what a Utopia we civic and philanthropic ends, what a Utopia we should have realized in the twentieth century! But this line of argument will scarcely appeal to the strategist. Mr. Atteridge's book is an expansive and inclusive treatise upon this powerful and misdirected enterprise of waging warfare. He takes us from the early Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian wars to the invention of the Greek and Macedonian phalanx, which seized the sceptre of Mars for the west. Thence he travels from the Roman legion to the medieval crusades and the rise of infantry in the fourteenth century, owing to the introduction of halberdiers, pikemen, and archers. Then came Roger Bacon's and Berthold Schwartz's inventions of "villainous saltpetre"; the campaigns of Alva and the Duke of Parma; the Thirty Years' War, and the improvements in firearms effected by Condé and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. In the wars of Louis XIV. and Frederick of Prussia, we see the adoption of the bayonet, which abolished the distinction between the pike-man and the musketeer, and the rudiments of the modern disciplined drill. Thence onwards, from the Napoleonic wars, the Crimea, Sadowa, to 1870 and the deadly breechloading rifle. The chapter on the Franco-Prussian War is one of the most instructive of all. Mr. Atteridge makes it quite clear that the demoralization of the French armies was due not only to defective organization and equipment, but to the false idea of defensive strategy then prevailing with the General Staff. With the South African War came the full use of shrapnel and smokeless, rapid-firing rifles. But it is with the Battle of Mukden and not the Balkan War that the most significant military principles, which are guiding the present European conflict, can be drawn. For the siege warfare in the Battle of the Aisne almost exactly parallels that of the Battle of Mukden. There is one vital difference, however. The development of aerial reconnaissance has made surprise movements, such as Nogi's flank attack on the Russian right, practically impossible.

"Behind the Scenes in the Terror." By HECTOR FLEISCH-MANN. (Greening. 10s. 6d. net.)

Since M. Lenotre discovered that the dramatic episodes of the French Revolution are well worth re-telling, there has sprung up a number of writers who have followed his lead. Of these, M. Fleischmann is one of the most industrious, and in the present volume he has brought together a number of interesting studies. He describes the life of the prisoners in the Conciergerie and the Luxembourg, paying special attention to the hours spent there by such illustrious or notorious prisoners as Marie Antoinette and Fouquier-Tinville. Like M. Lenotre, M. Fleischmann examines the evidence for some of the current stories of the massacres, such as the butchery of Madame de Lamballe and the glass of blood which Madame de Sombreuil is reported to have drunk in order to save her father's life. He has little trouble in showing that neither episode can be credited. The book also contains accounts of Robespierre's early life and of Marat's assassination, and, though it contains little that deserves the attention of serious students, those who like the high lights and dark shadows of history with unusual skill.

The Week in the City.

The gold reserve at the Bank of England is still being reduced, owing to the unfavorable balance of trade, chiefly to the United States. Most of the gold required as a result of the large purchase of war material in the United States, is being sent from Ottawa to New York. The policy of parting with gold is perfectly correct, and we shall hope in a short time to see it followed by the banks of Paris and St. Petersburg. The Canadian 4½ per cent. loan for five millions sterling is the chief issue of the week. It is being raised for public works, for Canada is suffering from depression and unemployment. On the Stock Exchange there has been some speculative activity in American railway shares. Otherwise there has not been very much doing. People in the City are fatalistic about the war, but they are beginning to discuss its financial effects, and are more inclined to criticize the Government.

ARMAMENT PROFITS.

The shares of companies engaged in the manufacture of armaments, or possessing works which, though otherwise engaged in peace time, are known to be actively employed in the production of war supplies, had been in high favor until Mr. Lloyd George's hint of special taxation for "war profits " fell like a wet blanket upon the market. Strangely enough, the most favored were not the old-established concerns like Vicker's and Armstrong's, but some of the less well known things like Dennis Brothers. Armstrong's and Vicker's shares stand practically no higher than upon July 27th. The sensational advances have been scored by ammunition shares like Kynoch's and Projectiles. Birmingham Small Arms, too, stand about 25 per cent. higher than they did before the war. The remarkable thing, however, is that even on last year's dividends most of the shares give very fair returns, and it is not likely that profits this year will be any lower than they were last year, though the more remote future is uncertain enough. A few of the recognised armament and ammunition shares are set out below :-

			Price	Present		Yield.		
			July 27.	Price.	Div.	£	6.	d.
Armstrong Ord.		***	40/-	40/-	125	6	5	0
Do., 2nd Pref.		***	20/-	20/9	5	4	17	0
Beardmore Pref.	***		16/6	18/-	6	6	12	6
Birmingham Smal	l Arme		42/-	54/6	*15	*5	6	0
John Brown			18/9	28/6	10	6	19	0
Cammell Laird	411		4	51	71	6	16	6
Eley Bros			25/-	30/-	121	8	14	0
Thorneycroft Ord.	***		10/-	20/-	5	5	0	0
Do., Pref			13/9	17/6	6	6	17	0.
Vickers Ord			35/3	36/6	122	6	11	0
Do., Pref		***	21/-	21/6	5	4	14	0
	* Fre	e of	Income	Tax.	,			

The Cammell Laird dividend—7½ per cent. against 2½ per cent. last year had a cheering effect upon other armament shares, but there seems to be no disposition on the part of investors to put much faith in the talk of the huge profits the armament firms are supposed to be working on; if they do they do not expect to see much of them get as far as the shareholders. The Birmingham Small Arms Company has declared an interim dividend at the old rate and its shares fell. It is noteworthy, however, that the dividend is still paid free of tax, which is equivalent to a rise of 6d. in the £ at present. If this practice is continued, the rise will be 1s. 4d. in the £ as compared with last year—a substantive advance which is apt to pass unnoticed.

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